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Ch
110
11

THE CHINA QUESTION.

JAMES MACDONALD, F.R.G.S.

Ch 110.11

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THE

CHINA QUESTION.

1. THE COMMERCIAL CONVENTION OF 1869.
2. LORD CLARENDON'S CHINA POLICY.
3. THE MISSIONARIES; AND OPIUM CULTIVATION.
4. NOTES. CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

BY

JAMES MAC DONALD, F.R.G.S.,

FORMERLY OF SHANGHAI.

LONDON:

EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1870.

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SEP 11 1933

H. J. Coolidge.

For those not conversant with Chinese affairs who may read the following pages, it may be useful that I explain some of the terms frequently used.

Mandarin is a word of Portuguese derivation, and denotes Government officials generally. The Chinese is *Kwan*.

The *Pecul* weight is equal to 133⅓ lbs. Aver. In Chinese, *Tan*.

The *Tael* is a Chinese ounce—about 1⅓ oz. Eng. Their accounts are kept in ounces of silver, and the English value is about 6/0, according to the rate of exchange. In Chinese, *Leang*.

Shanghai is the Mandarin pronunciation. In the local *patois* it is *Szonghae*.

The *bale* of *China Raw Silk* weighs about 106 lbs., and is worth £120 to £150.

The *chest of Opium*, for some years past, has been quoted at about £125 to £160.

PREFATORY.

A MAN'S worth and value is often more fully appreciated after his death. Had my excellent friend, the late Mr. Samuel Gregson, M.P., President of the East India and China Association, been now alive, it is probable the blow which this day threatens the future prosperity of Lancashire, would never have been attempted to be struck. Had that good and shrewd man been here to be consulted, I cannot doubt that Her Majesty's Government would have paused before thinking of ratifying this new Convention. But with Mr. Gregson's death, the Association, as such, seems to have expired, or to have degenerated into "meetings." Nevertheless, I trust there is yet time to prevent the ratification. I foresee its injurious effects *here*,—the exasperation it will cause *there*,—and the calamitous consequences to China, that sooner or later will follow from that exasperation. And, therefore, I have hastily resolved to publish these my views, as, I believe, for the public weal; and I claim, and confidently rely on receiving, every indulgent consideration for all the imperfections attending this honest and independent expression of opinion.

February 28th, 1870.

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THE CHINA QUESTION.

THE subject of our relations with China being admittedly one of the greatest importance, I trust that at this moment, when the Convention recently entered into at Peking is laid before the country, I shall not be deemed presumptuous in expecting my opinions to obtain a hearing. To justify this expectation I must be excused if I first make mention of my own experience and qualifications for writing on the subject. My acquaintance with China dates from 1841. In the following year I applied myself to the study of the language, and in 1844 I solicited and passed two examinations, receiving certificates bearing that I was qualified for any service, however important, where a knowledge of the Chinese language was required. And although I soon changed my views and pursued a mercantile career, yet the possession of a knowledge of the language obtained for me many opportunities of intercourse with the Chinese officials or Mandarins. It will also be obvious that it would give me a greater interest in all that relates to the Government, the Institutions, the History, and the condition of the country, as well as a clearer conception of the ideas and feelings of its inhabitants.

My first residence in China extended over a period of nearly twelve years, passed chiefly at the north, and during that time few foreigners saw so much of the country. Having premised thus much, I will now address myself to the China Question in the two great phases in which it presents itself to my mind:

1st. The Commercial *Convention* of 1869, and show why it should be *rejected*.

2nd. The Clarendon Peace Policy in China, as it has been called, and why it should be upheld and maintained.

On the first point, then, I consider that this Convention would not work beneficially either for European or Chinese interests. It is proposed to add 50 per cent. to the import duties we pay at the ports on our manufactures, instead of that amount being levied as a transit duty in the interior as hitherto; and our minister, with a blindness self-imposed, assumes that this arrangement will be of much "advantage to us." This, however, is merely to ignore all past experience, and to shut our eyes to the actual position of affairs. That the Chinese Government will, in a loyal spirit, issue orders that henceforth foreign manufactures must be permitted to circulate in the nine maritime provinces, free of transit duty, I have no doubt. But I have as little hesitation in believing that these orders would be systematically disregarded by the provincial authorities. Our goods would at first pass, perhaps, at a small fee; but soon numerous pretexts would arise, such as local disturbances, &c. &c., until the illegal exactions gradually swelled to perhaps as much as the present $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. transit duty. The Govern-

ment, on our demand and remonstrance, would in vain issue fresh orders; in vain, I say, because the provincial governors, knowing full well that they must wink at the illegalities of their subordinates if they themselves are to profit in fortune during their term of office, would never enforce them. If the Peking Government could give us any guarantee that its mandates could be enforced—if it had increased the pay of its officers, so as to raise them above the necessity for such practices—if its military strength had been organised so as to give it sufficient executive power to enforce observance of its decrees—then there might have been some hope of advantage in accepting the proposed plan.

But the Chinese Government has done little or nothing of all this, and it is a mere delusion to hope for any advantage from it. The scheme is altogether *premature*. If it be said that, as the present duty is only 5 per cent., the proposed *extra* 2½ per cent., which virtually it would soon be seen to be, is after all but a very moderate duty compared with other countries, and it is unreasonable to object to it, I reply, that we should judge of duties in China with reference to Chinese ideas, and not by any European or American standard. Now, the Chinese were a nation of free-traders by nature and habit ages before Adam Smith was ever heard of. To a Chinese merchant a 5 per cent. duty is an enormous grievance—an amount on no account to be uncomplainingly or resignedly submitted to. He regards all such imposts paid to Government as so much life-blood drawn from him. He sighs and groans to think of it, and throws his soul into scheming ways of evading or of lessening the charge. Not that he is disloyal—quite the

contrary—he believes sincerely that "order is Heaven's first law," and he recognises willingly the right of Government to receive a small tax or duty; but it must be very small, and a compromise is the result. The officials and other classes accept this view. They are a free-trade people, and are above all protectionist and reciprocity nonsense. Who ever heard of a Chinese landowner dreaming of such a thing as a duty on rice—the food of the people! In fact, when I have mentioned the existence of such soi-disant protectionist laws in Europe and America, I have generally found them politely incredulous. This feeling appeared in a geographical and statistical work published about 1850 by Seu, one of the Governors of Foochow. In mentioning the British National Debt, the prodigious sum—over 2,000,000,000 of taels—quite staggers him, and he gravely observes, "This amount is, of course, quite incredible, and cannot be accepted as accurate; nevertheless, it is right to add that all foreigners confirm the statement." When formerly tea was subjected to a duty of 2*s*. per pound in Britain, equal to about 40 taels per cwt. in China—more than the original cost of the article on an average—I think I never once found a Chinaman to believe it. To tell him that this heavy duty had become necessary in order to pay interest on that heavy debt of ours, which debt had all been incurred since the reign of Kang-he—less than 200 years ago—in carrying on a series of wars with other countries, our neighbours and kinsmen—such an effect, arising from such a cause, was more likely to puzzle him profoundly, than to enamour him with our modern civilisation, or prepossess him with our religion of peace and good-will.

The Chinese people in truth have shown a liberality of feeling in advance of the West in respect to trade. When the heavier kinds of cottons imported by us into Shanghai caused a considerable fall in the price of the native handloom fabrics, and thereby diminished the little earnings of many a humble family, there was but little complaint made. They took the evil with the good of the foreign trade, and cheerfully recognised the right of buying and selling in the best market.

From what I have said, it will be seen that in Chinese eyes the transit duty of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is a heavy impost as it stands; and my belief is that although, as a matter of course, the legal rate has been exceeded more or less, as a rule, yet that the amount of such excess has been greatly exaggerated. Chinese traders always do exaggerate in such matters.

In 1851 there were more complaints than usual at Shanghai of extortions levied at Hangchow, one of the treaty barriers. I visited the place in Chinese disguise. So far from undergoing any severe examination, we passed without any search at all, although we might have carried a ton of light goods in our boat. Lately, also, the deputation from Shanghai found our goods selling in Szechuen Province—nearly a thousand miles inland—at prices only about 15 per cent. above Shanghai rates; indeed, I cannot but believe that in most of the great cities of China European manufactures are now purchasable at prices at least as cheap as in Continental Europe, oppressed by protectionist tariffs; and I say this after having traversed Europe from the Volga to the Loire, and from Caithness to Calabria.

This branch of our trade, then, is of incalculable benefit to the Chinese in supplying them with clothing; it is, however, probably as yet only in its infancy, and must be guarded with a jealous care. We supply at present about 8,000,000 of pieces of cottons, which is only about one yard to each Chinese a year; but as the country becomes more tranquil, and order is again firmly established, we may, at no distant date, see this trade doubled or trebled, to the advantage of the Chinese, as well as of our merchants, manufacturers, and shipowners, not to mention the original producers of the raw material—the Hindoo cultivator, and the irrepressible Sambo in America.

Now, the change proposed would imperil this legitimate trade, struggling at it is under the high cost of cotton; it would be, not a step in the dark, but a blind yielding to a dangerous delusion. Once let the high officials at Peking feel that, instead of being obliged to use the provincial governors as a sponge, they have only to increase the duties on foreign goods, and thus obtain the command of a large additional amount of money without any trouble, would they not feel this to be, as they would phrase it, excessively pleasant? and how long would we wait before we should see an attempt to repeat the impost? And what a clever stroke of policy, too, is effected by the proposed change! The foreigners have been complaining in exaggerated terms that their goods are being subjected to "squeezes" in the interior, much above the legal rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Well, we now propose to abolish all transit dues in the interior, and accept in lieu thereof the payment of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. additional duty at the ports. It seems so fair and plausible

—only the remission would soon be seen to be but an opening for a simple process of addition; it would soon be felt to be a mistaken and dangerous policy, highly inexpedient for Chinese interests as well as disadvantageous for our own; for before long the foreigners would, under a sense of wrong, become quite ungovernable, and under some pretext or other break out again, in defiance of all reason—thus might a Chinese politician surely conclude. Therefore, in the interests of both nations, I would humbly recommend Her Majesty's Government not to entertain the idea of accepting the change proposed, but as firmly as possible to insist upon the faithful and strict observance of the treaty as it now stands.

When the Chinese Government shall, by a prompt and ready redress of admitted grievances, have justified a feeling of confidence in its power to carry honestly into effect such a change, then, but not till then, is the subject one even for discussion.

The *second* great change proposed—the increase in the export duty on raw Silk from 10 to 20 taels per pecul, and on the transit dues from 5 to 10 taels, although at first sight more defensible, would, I think, be inexpedient for them as well as injurious to us. Raw silk has, since the disease in the worm appeared in Europe in 1865, become of nearly twice its former value, and is likely long to remain so—what was formerly quoted at 15*s.* to 20*s.* per lb. being now quoted at 25*s.* to 30*s.* per lb. An increase in the export duty can scarcely, therefore, be in justice considered as retrograde in policy, while the objection that it is detrimental to Macclesfield and Coventry would equally apply to any duty whatever being levied. The article of raw silk being now so much

more valuable, it is but fair, I think, that the Chinese Government should participate in the benefit. It is also to be borne in mind that, in fact, this increased impost would in the main fall upon its own people, the producers; that it is the easiest way of raising a revenue from them, who, like other folks, have an extreme impatience of taxation, the bulk of which falls on the land.

On the other hand, it is to be remembered that the silk district was ravaged and wasted by the Rebels from 1860 to 1863. Before that dreadful calamity the export had risen to 80,000 bales a year; while now, although stimulated by high prices, the production is recovering very slowly, and the export is only half that quantity. The people of that district, then, or the survivors—for multitudes perished of want and misery—are entitled to the most liberal consideration on the part of their Government, and to as much exemption from taxation as may be expedient.

So serious an increase as the doubling of the duty has also this grave objection, that the French, whose trade in China is almost wholly in that article, can never be expected willingly to submit to it. It is nothing to say in reply that the duty would still be less than 5 per cent., since in Chinese estimation such a rate is an intolerable burden. Our tariff duties, as originally framed by Sir Henry Pottinger, with the aid of the able men who surrounded him, were on an enlarged and liberal scale, far in excess of any duties levied by the Chinese tariff on the foreign trade carried on in their own junks. I put aside as out of the question the monopoly duties of the Canton hongs. That abuse was discarded along

with the grievous heritage of our political thraldom, when the first war was undertaken. On these grounds I would suggest that an increased rate of export duty to say 15 taels per pecul should be adopted; without any increase in the inland transit dues, as being most expedient for the Chinese Government,—as just to its own people,—and such as foreign nations can accede to.

Opium is the next great branch of foreign trade that it is proposed to tax heavier, and, if by increasing the import duty from 30 to 50 taels per chest, the pernicious habit of opium smoking was likely to be checked, I should say Amen to it. But this step appears to me most inexpedient for various reasons. The production of Chinese opium has, beyond doubt, seriously increased of late years, from the laws against it not being enforced. An enhanced duty on the foreign drug would, then, first stimulate the native growth. It would also, it is much to be feared, even if the change be nominally accepted by the opium guilds, soon lead to smuggling the article. The temptation would prove irresistible.

But to my mind there is a still stronger reason why the Chinese Government should on no account legislate on the subject of foreign opium at all. The Chinese people, pagan though they be, regard such methods of supporting Government, as deriving revenue from the means of vice, as disgraceful; and when the time arrives that this Dynasty shall pass away, and the Final Indictment shall be drawn against it, then it would not be forgotten that the Great Pure Dynasty had incurred the wrath of Heaven, and provoked the anger of the Nation, because, among other crimes, it sold the lives of the

people for foreign money. From this reproach the Chinese Government may as yet be deemed free. The treaty by which opium was legalised was imposed upon it at the cannon's mouth; and, sorely shattered as it is, it can ill afford that the last remnant of its moral prestige should be torn aside.

Having now, I trust, convinced the reader that the tariff changes proposed by this Convention involve much danger to foreign interests, while they are inexpedient for the Chinese themselves, I have to inquire into the other "important advantages" secured by the eminent ability of our late minister at Peking. These are the opening of the Port of Wenchow on the east coast, and of Woo-hoo on the Tangtsz-Kiang, near Nanking; permission to rent places for storage; to have Chinese rigged boats towed by one steam-tug on the Poyang Lake, and liberty given to mine coals in two or three places—"all innovations of great importance," says he, in his despatch to the Earl of Clarendon. And doubtless they are steps in the right direction. But in point of value they have not a feather's weight in comparison with the burdens attempted to be now imposed on our trade, as I have above shown. Let us examine—Wenchow on the east coast is, no doubt, a flourishing maritime city, the chief port of southern Che-Kiang, with a fertile district around it; but I may hazard the prediction that it will never rise into much importance for foreign trade; it will simply draw off, perhaps, a part of the tea that is now exported from Foochow. We will not buy tea any cheaper, because our rule is at all the ports to buy according to the latest London advices. As for imports, Wenchow, like Foochow, leads to nothing.

The mountain barrier intervenes to prevent easy access to Kiang-see and the west. The local demand the Chinese will themselves supply from Shanghai and Ningpo better than we can. The best that can be hoped is that Wenchow may become a fourth- or fifth- rate place, at which some tea and alum may be procured. As for Woo-hoo, how can any person seriously expect it to become of any "great importance"? No district, perhaps, in all the empire has been more desolated by the Rebellion than the country behind Woo-hoo towards the Yellow River; unless, indeed, the district in front of it on the south side of the Yangtsz. It would be a mere waste of words to say more of it. Such places as are not centres of communication can never become valuable marts of foreign commerce or products. Even Hankow, our great central port in the heart of the empire, has, as yet, proved a disappointment. But such a central point is of the utmost value as a depôt—whether we ourselves import our goods there or the Chinese dealers buy and bring them from Shanghai. On the other hand, I consider that a multiplicity of small places merely multiplies, in the present day, our risks and chances of dangerous collision. And I have always held the opinion that it would be best for us to concentrate our trade at a few chief points, until, in the course of time, the presence of foreigners may, it is to be hoped, become less disagreeable to the thinking portion of the Chinese. As for the other facilities accorded, they are of too trifling moment to be discussed, although doubtless steps in the right direction as I have said, and such as are due to the Government itself. But we must impress upon the Chinese Government that,

when conceding the right of mining coals, &c., it is but doing what the interests of its own people now require—that such concessions are advantageous also for them, and can never be considered as implying a right to impose additional burdens on our trade to obtain a *quid pro quo*.

Such, then, in my opinion are the advantages and disadvantages of this new Convention, the latter outweighing the former a thousand times. I shall allude hereafter to political reasons why we should reject it. I have now to examine into its *origin*, and find out its author. Let me also proceed to show that it is no argument in its favour that it has been accepted by Sir R. Alcock, our late minister at Peking.

It is very evident from the minister's despatch that he had failed completely to induce the Chinese ministry to concede anything whatever—even any nominal advantage—so as to throw some little halo around him, as the time approached for his departure, and for the renewal of the treaty. He, therefore, in his helplessness appealed to Mr. Hart, the Foreign Inspector-General of Customs in China. Now, Mr. Hart, formerly in the British Consular Service in China, had succeeded Mr. Lay in 1863, when he was justly dismissed by Prince Kung, and until the close of 1867 had displayed much ability, good judgment, and discretion, in his important and responsible position. The Chinese ministers being, then, in a state of intimidation at the noisy clamour of the foreigners in China for "progress," and with the one sole object of staving off their demands, and securing a quiet life if possible, conceived the idea of deputing Mr. Hart (as he tells us in the papers published by Mr. Ross Browne, the late United States minister at

Peking) as an envoy or agent to Europe for this end. Mr. Hart, probably thinking such a mission a less reliable appointment than the one he holds, or from modesty, preferred to decline it, and suggested or aided in procuring the appointment of Mr. Burlingame, the departing United States minister, in his stead. The Americans, it should be understood, have always affected the part of acting in China as the Chinaman's best friend; they had their reward for this in being allowed to trade at Canton after our expulsion during the first war, and they have since reaped further benefit. At the same time they have not neglected to do themselves justice, and to claim all the privileges and advantages we have bought at such a cost in men and money, if not of national honour. Yet the Chinese know pretty well how to appreciate their value, and call them *the No. 2 Englishmen.* Only it suits their policy so to use them. The rule laid down after the defeat of the first war in a work published in 1844, under the auspices of Commissioner Lin, was first to exclude foreigners as much as possible from penetrating up the rivers into the interior, and, secondly, to divide the different foreign nations and set them one against another. This Mr. Hart cannot be ignorant of. But our minister Sir R. Alcock, being ignorant of the language, instead of looking with suspicion on this appointment, fell blindly into the Burlingame trap. What Mr. Hart should have done was to persuade the Chinese ministers to depute one of their highest officials to go abroad. He should on no account have countenanced the scheme of engaging any foreigner for such a service. But having thus been committed to

the support of the Burlingame Mission at a heavy expense, added to a natural desire to increase the revenue under his charge, it followed as a matter of course that he should think of or accede to the plan of increasing the duties on foreign goods; and the scheme proposed will add about three fourths of a million sterling a year to the Imperial Chest at Peking. No wonder the "obstinate old man" Mr. Hart speaks of, who guides the counsels of the young Emperor at Peking—no wonder this implacable old Chinese Constitutionalist, and his more accommodating colleagues of the Cabinet, should thus be reconciled to agreeing to a Convention of which the immediate benefit to them is a solid reality, in return for privileges which will prove little better than a sham.

If it be said that Sir R. Alcock is a man of ability, judgment, and experience, who, either for his own purposes or for any other object, is incapable of accepting a treaty the provisions of which, when scrutinised, manifestly compromise the interests of his country—then I reply, let us survey his career in China.

Mr. Alexander Rutherford Alcock, appointed to a consulship in China, in 1844, under the Aberdeen ministry, had acquired his official education as a surgeon in the British Legion in Spain, under General Evans, and was favorably known professionally as the author of a work on gunshot wounds. He was first stationed as consul at Amoy, and then at Foochow, a port of which great expectations were justly entertained. As yet, and for years after, no trade worth speaking of was done there. The Bohea mountains were within 200 miles, and the teas were

being carried away over 500 miles of land and water to Canton and Shanghai. Why did the Chinese not bring the teas to Foochow instead? The failure, so far, of the port was an enigma beyond his sagacity to solve, and he never had the wit to discover how to make the Foochow egg stand on end. The simple solution of the problem was for the merchants in China to send money up the country to buy teas *deliverable at the Port of Foochow*. Neither Mr. Alcock nor Mr. Parkes—then a young man, who was also there—ever discovered that. But on the occasion of a riot between some Cantonese, servants of the foreigners, and some of the rabble of the place—both Cantonese and Fokienese being the bullies and rowdies of the empire, *par excellence*—he found an opportunity of ingratiating himself with Sir John Davis, then engaged in a mean, miserable, paper-war with the foreign communities of Canton and Hong-kong, by writing a letter or despatch reflecting severely on the foreign community of Foochow, the said community consisting of one merchant and his assistant, and a couple of opium shipmasters. For this notable service he was, in 1846, promoted to the consulship of Shanghai, already a flourishing port, where, with much labour and perseverance, everything had been put in excellent train, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of a really able man—Captain George Balfour, of the Madras Army, now General Balfour, of the Board of Control—and his hard-working interpreter, Mr. Walter Medhurst, now consul at Shanghai.

Mr. Alcock's first proceeding there was to let it be known that he interpreted his duty very differently from the military rigour of his predecessor, and

that he would exercise no surveillance or protective power over the customs' revenue. This policy might have been well, had he first taken any energetic steps to secure a thoroughly efficient custom-house administration. He did nothing of the kind, however, and his views were soon acted upon. In a very short time not merely one house or firm, but all with, I think, only one or two exceptions, began to "*economise their duties*," as our grave Seniors—men of about thirty—termed it—smuggling was a vulgar word in use at Canton, but unknown in the north. And it was such capital fun for young Shanghai to jest on the bund or river-side esplanade, cheroot in mouth; about "chiselling the Emperor," and "taking it out of Taou-Kwang!" Much allowance is to be made for our "energetic pioneers" out there, who have no such golden rule now, and whose groans reach us ever and anon, calling for *progress* or for *war*, as some relief from the oppression of their own severe competition. It may be imagined what *power* and *popularity* this gave to the author of a policy which enabled the foreigners to pocket an average of 20 or 30 per cent. of the customs' duties! If Mr. Lowe could remit 30 per cent. of the taxes, would not his praises be sung by a thousand tongues? Do not let the reader talk of the immorality, &c. The way simply was to send your Chinese head man, or comprador or shroff, to arrange the duties, and to pay as little as he could,—which mode of settlement, being in harmony with his nature and ideas, was faithfully followed out.

But in a national sense it was a very bad policy. Before many years elapsed the British trade began to pass into foreign bottoms. Most of the other

powers were represented by merchant-consuls, who were all in the same boat, and it was felt that Mr. Alcock's rule would not last for ever. Thus, as I will further show, Mr. Alcock has never been able to foresee the consequences of his own acts, or to what vicious result his policy tended.

His next important error was in 1848, when he laid an embargo on a fleet of about 800 junks in Shanghai. Three British missionaries had been gravely assaulted by some junkmen at Tsing-poo, a town about thirty miles inland from Shanghai. Mr. Alcock demanded that the men should be brought to Shanghai, and punished within forty-eight hours. But the grain-junkmen—the proverbial rowdies of China—were 900 in number, three times the military force of the district, and however willing to give satisfaction, the authorities found it impossible. So Mr. Alcock called on the officer commanding Her Majesty's ship-of-war at the port to prevent the departure of a sea-going fleet of junks laden with Government rice, about 800 in number, then in the port of Shanghai, until due satisfaction was given; and after many days and much negotiation, four of the aforesaid grain-junk rowdies accepted the terms offered by the Mandarins to get themselves out of trouble, and were exhibited in the cangue at Shanghai. The punishment was a farce. The men were nicely clad, tended and fed, petted and lionized —looked on as doing a patriotic thing to deliver their Mandarins from the foreign Bombastes Furioso. In the mean time the Chinese merchants and owners of the sea-going fleet had sent a written remonstrance to some of the British merchants, representing the injustice and hardship of detaining their vessels for such

a cause, and requesting their influence to be used with the consul for their release. At the request of one of my friends, I wrote a reply to his letter for him, to the effect that we, the foreigners, valued our lives more than our trade, and that it was the consul's duty to protect us. But I felt the unsoundness of the argument, and the injustice of the proceeding. Why did the missionaries go among those rowdy junk-men at all? In my own many excursions in the interior, I, knowing the turbulent character of such men, always gave their junks a wide birth, if they were numerous. And here I may remark that a foreigner, when thus attacked at a distance from aid, should always seek refuge in the nearest respectable house he can see; that householder will assuredly find it against his interest if any harm befalls the stranger under his roof. Mark, then, the double result of this affair. These missionaries represented the London Missionary Society, and the London Missionary Society was a power in China. So much gain for our consul. On the other hand, was not such a harsh measure an extremely bad return for all the kindly feeling shown, and for the good reception given, by the people of the city and district of Shanghai to foreigners there from the first? Did it not seriously weaken the prestige of the authorities in the eyes of the people? This unfriendly bearing on the part of our consul continued after the fall of Nanking in 1853, and even increased, until in September of that year a gang of the lowest blackguards of the opium and gambling dens—mostly from Canton and Fokien—conspired to plunder the treasury and seize the city. Those ruffians knew well the hostile demeanour of our consul. Their

plotting was known weeks before, and had Mr. Alcock possessed either ability, good feeling, or discernment, he would have interposed his voice to avert such a sad calamity. But no, Samqua, the governor, was obnoxious to him. This Samqua was a man of humble origin. He was in boyhood, as he once told me, personal servant to Mr. Thomas Dent, formerly of Canton. He rose to become in time a wealthy Hong merchant. Then retiring from business, he became ambitious "to do the Mandarin," and by dint of a considerable outlay of money obtained the Taontaiship of Shangai, where he hoped and wished to enjoy alike the respect of the Chinese and foreigners. He was in reality a man of a good disposition, and singularly free from prejudice for one born under the old regime at Canton, although his conversation might be considered grotesque sometimes, from his "pidgin English" being jumbled up with his Canton patois, and occasional attempts at fine Mandarin. When the city was taken by these local rebels he took refuge in an American house in the foreign settlement. Then, for a time, trade was nearly stopped—a result, of course, never contemplated by our able consul. He *came* in 1846, and found Shanghai peaceful and flourishing; he *left* it in 1854, with trade almost at a stand, the city occupied by a gang of mere plunderers, the suburbs burnt down, and an Imperial army besieging the place. But before he left he found occasion to commit what I cannot but regard as an unparalleled outrage. In 1854, during the siege, some Chinese soldiers entered an Englishman's grounds, and helped themselves to some pieces of wood for cooking purposes. Refusing to give them up, the Englishman shot at and wounded one of them with a pistol. They then re-

turned to their camp, and the same afternoon they or some of their comrades assaulted and wounded one or two of our people. Whereupon Mr. Alcock demanded *the removal of the besieging army from the vicinity of our settlement—as if the Sovereignty of that ground had ever passed to us!** The Chinese naturally demurred to this, and then Mr. Alcock proceeded to call upon Captain O'Callaghan, our naval commander at the port, to land his men and guns—the foreign community had been organized as volunteers—and they went out to drive back the Chinese army. In vain the Mandarins implored him not to be so violent. The army was fired upon, and, to use a modern term, skedaddled for a mile or two, the Chinese officers preventing firing as much as they could. Still, several foreigners, almost strangers, new-comers too, and ignorant of the merits of the quarrel, were killed and wounded, and there must have been some greater loss to the Chinese. Of course this battle imperial was highly popular. Pro-rebellism was then popular alike with missionaries and with merchants in many cases, especially those who found their account in supplying the rebels with foreign arms and gunpowder. But there were others who saw it in its true light. I believe Admiral Sir James Stirling, on hearing of it, represented it thus to Her Majesty's Government as a shameful wrong done by us, and Mr. Alcock was ordered to invite the Chinese army to resume its former position. The siege, I may here add, then went on, and early in 1855 the place was retaken from the rabble rebels. Several hundred of them were beheaded by Government, and hundreds more were killed by the peasantry, who had before

* We hold it as renters in perpetuity, at an annual ground rent of about 30*s*. per acre.

been harried by them, and who now showed them no mercy.

Such, then, was the posture of affairs when Mr. Alcock made his exit from the Shanghai stage—disastrous alike for us, nationally speaking, and for the Chinese. Of course he received the usual certificate of admiration in the shape of an address signed by most of the British community; and, indeed, it would have been flagrant ingratitude on the part of the "mercatores of the period" if he had not. Had they not learned under him how to economise an average of 20 or 30 per cent. of their Duties, and latterly, by his hostility to old Samqua—notorious to the Chinese—caused the fall of the city, and thereby abolished the custom house altogether!

A few years after, Mr. Alcock was stationed as consul at Canton, and then we hear of him appointed as envoy to Japan. Instead, however, of proceeding to Jeddo in the usual way by sea, Mr. Alcock, in order, as he said, to accustom the Japanese to the exercise by us of a treaty right, made a Grand Progress through the country from Nangazaki to Jeddo. Could anything more injudicious have been done? Was it necessary to arouse the fanaticism of the Japanese, and thus irritate them beyond restraint! And was it not obvious that at that moment such a proceeding was sure to produce such a result? Lamentable enough were the consequences. He had scarcely reached Jeddo when the legation was attacked by midnight assassins, and, although they failed to effect their purpose, many fearful murders of foreigners followed, at the hands of the ferocious Japanese fanatics. It was not, indeed, until after he —now Sir Rutherford Alcock—had left Japan that

this hatred of foreigners gradually subsided. One characteristic act remains to be recorded of him in Japan—not the first outburst of an ignoble disposition to oppress and victimise individuals. I refer to his deportation of Mr. Moss—an Englishman—who had, in defending himself from some Japanese assailants, wounded one of them. In this case again it was plain how little he could foresee the consequences of his acts. Lord Russell, then Foreign Minister, on being appealed to, marked his sense of this act of tyranny by commanding Sir R. Alcock to invite Mr. Moss back to Japan, and to remit the fine he had imposed upon him. A Hongkong jury —the Supreme Court then being held there—gave Mr. Moss £500 damages in the action he brought against Sir R. Alcock, stating it would have awarded the £2500 claimed but that a technical reason prevented it.

On the retirement of Sir Frederick Bruce from Peking in 1864, Sir R. Alcock, then in Europe, was appointed his successor. If I am asked how the Foreign Office could ever bestow such a high post on any man *not* of marked ability, I reply that, besides being senior consul, he possesses ability of a peculiar kind in a supereminent degree. As a blower of soap-bubbles he was incomparable! and for address and a keen eye to the direction in which the wind blows it will not be easy to find his equal. He has not failed to note the revulsion in public opinion since the period of the Lorcha War, nor the natural desire of the Ministry to be able to announce the renewal of the treaty on advantageous terms, but the inherent defects of his mind prevent his foreseeing the inevitable injurious consequences of the

changes now attempted to be introduced. As a writer he has but to sit down to it, and lo ! the fluent periods trickle from his pen faster than the juggler pulls the fire-paper from his mouth. If a formidable phraseology and high-sounding style were enough to mark the man of true ability—if it could not be perceived that all these clouds of windy words served merely to envelope much poverty of idea, and arrogant shallowness of thought—then his claim would be beyond dispute. But these gifts of fine writing are sometimes not unacceptable to a ministry. The China merchants of London, many of whom have lived long in China, may to a man be dead against this commercial Convention; they and the manufacturers together may denounce a Convention which, while certain to injure British and French interests, *will leave American interests in China untouched*—the Americans buying tea—their imports being of small amount. And if our "influential organs," trying to anticipate the verdict of the ministry, assume that it will accept and ratify this high-sounding Convention, it is, no doubt, easy to play upon the public ear. And where is the difficulty of misrepresenting the opinion of the local public in China—the junior partners and managers mostly for their seniors here? It is a far cry to China, and the telegraph as yet stops short at Kiackta. Then there is the Burlingame interest — not quite asleep — neither before nor since that acute gentleman received advice that his offer to contract for performing the farce of Chinese Ambassador in Europe for two years more, at a pay of one hundred thousand taels per annum, has been accepted by the ancient Constitutionalists—the truly blind party at Peking.

II.

THE CLARENDON CHINA POLICY.

"Our relations with China will never be placed on a satisfactory basis, nor our commerce ever be safe, until the power to commit acts of war is entirely withdrawn from the hands of all foreign authorities in this country. Unless, I mean, when necessary for the immediate defence of our lives and properties." These words, written and published by me at Shanghai in February, 1857, expressed a fixed opinion of mine, which subsequent reflection has but strengthened and confirmed. It may be concluded, then, that I very heartily approve of the special treaty arrangement entered into between Her Majesty's minister the Earl of Clarendon, and Mr. Burlingame the envoy from China. I rejoiced, indeed, to think that the people among whom I lived so long "shall suffer wars no more."

But this policy, demanded alike by international justice, by the Christian religion which we profess, and by the national interests which are committed to the care of our ministers, and for which they are held responsible—this policy has been vehemently assailed, and is extremely obnoxious at present to Young Britain in China. Not only does the press in China groan under the burden of present imaginary griefs, the professional writers being evidently borne down by the pressure around them, their more sober counsels drowned in the clamour against the Gladstone-Bright ministry, and they thus compelled to succumb to the exigencies of the situation, but here, too, in England, there are not wanting able

exponents of these erroneous views of national duty and national interest. Nevertheless, I know this line of policy to be no new idea, nor any hastily adopted determination on the part of Lord Clarendon, as has been supposed. In 1855, being about to return to China, I had the honour of an interview with his lordship, and when asked in the course of a long conversation what policy I thought we ought to pursue in China, and I answered, "*a policy of forbearance*"—of great forbearance—it was not without a feeling of gratification that I learned in reply that he (the Earl of Clarendon) thoroughly concurred in that view. It is also well known that Admiral Sir Michael Seymour and Sir John Bowring acted in disregard of their instructions when they compromised the ministry of the day, and drifted into the miserable Locha War.

Before I proceed to demonstrate that this policy is not only just, but also expedient, I shall beg the reader to go back with me to the period of the first, or Opium War, in order more fully to understand the question. In that war, while we were not right, the Chinese were wrong; we took opium to China contrary to the law of the country, and the Chinese, through whose continued laxness of administration it was that their laws were thus infringed by us, were very wrong in seizing and destroying £2,000,000 of property by the treacherous embargo laid on the persons of our people at Canton. It was there, then, that the indignities heaped on us for two centuries had to be atoned for, and the true position and power of the foreigner to be vindicated. But we had a groundless timid fear at home about the tea duties. In Captain Charles Elliot, our represen-

tative, we had a windy gallant sailor, neither politician nor diplomatist, and in Sir Hugh Gough one of the bravest soldiers and worst generals that ever achieved high distinction in the British army. Hence we ransomed the place and retired in June, 1841, the expedition in August proceeding north under the new leader Sir Henry Pottinger. But we should have retained our hold over Canton by erecting two strong forts with powerful batteries at the south-east and south-west angles of the place, accessible by water. We should have blown up the forts on the heights at the back of the city. And every fortnight, at the full and change of the moon, after the reading of the Sacred Edict at dawn of day in the temples; then, hark! two blank guns for warning, and let the batteries play for practice upon the ruins of the forts *across the city* for an hour. This until the war ended. And thus I think we could have bridled and subdued the truculent and turbulent Cantonese, who, swollen with arrogance, had, in fact, become the bullies of all the other people in the empire. A horribly unpleasant process, no doubt—a most disagreeable way of being politically "educated"—but nobody need have been hurt by it; and I think that after twelve months of it we would have had little difficulty in "opening Canton." It would have been well for them too. No massacre of foreigners would then have been perpetrated at Hwangchukee in 1847, nor would Canton have suffered the avenging bombardment of forty-eight hours in 1858.

I have also long thought that it was a serious mistake for us not to have established our minister at Peking when peace was concluded at Nanking in August, 1842. Sir Henry Pottinger, although an

able man, was trammelled by home instructions, and too much weight was given to the apprehension that more severe pressure applied to the Chinese Government would endanger its existence, and, perhaps, cause its speedy downfall. But I cannot help thinking that we might have devised a plan to secure so desirable an end for the future of both nations. Instead of establishing our minister at Hongkong, we should, being then in possession of Chusan, have placed him there temporarily, under a treaty stipulation that the Chinese Government, on the ratification of the treaty, shall receive the minister in due form, at a fixed date, and that we shall hold Chusan, and its revenues shall be ours, until he be so received. If they had afterwards evaded or procrastinated, we could have quietly occupied the Peiho Forts, then of little strength. These two arguments would, I think, have fully answered, and, perhaps, we should never had any repulse of the Peiho, nor have had to burn the palace of Yuen-ming-yuen; nor, on the other hand, would the horrors of the rebellion have been excited afresh to cover the land with corpses, and doom millions to perish of want and misery. War is dreadful everywhere; but who, that knows and has seen its consequences in China, can think of it without shuddering? Let us, then, endeavour to discover how to avert a calamity so grievous to us and destructive to them. It is argued by an able writer, Mr. J. Barr Robertson, now in China, in the 'Westminster Review,' that if we wish to maintain our prestige in China, and so avoid war, we must empower our minister at Peking to enforce hostilities when he thinks it absolutely necessary. Will Mr. Robertson have the goodness to tell us where we are to find

such heaven-endowed ministers for China! men capable of being trusted to decide by their own fiat whether or not the Empires of Great Britain and China shall at any moment be irretrievably involved in war? Is this a modest proposal of Young Britain in China? Is there any reason—any taou-lee—in such a demand? And what should we not learn from our past experience? Our first minister in China, after the ports were opened, was Sir John Davis. His administration was a deplorable failure. Yet his appointment, at least, was one for which the Aberdeen Ministry of 1844 deserved commendation. He had lived long in China, knew the language, and was the author of the best work on that country. Yet imbecility and rashness were never seen more ridiculously combined than in his proceedings as minister. The raid up the Canton river in 1847, on the 1st of April—most proper date—seemed to have been undertaken with the single idea of reaching Canton. What to do when there, how long to remain, and how and when to get back to Hongkong, seemed never to have been taken into serious consideration. It was easy to extort a paper engagement from Keying; it was as impossible for the latter to enforce it on the people as it was unlikely he should seriously attempt it on the withdrawal of the expedition; and this should have been easily foreseen. This ill-considered expedition produced most disastrous consequences. The Cantonese lashed themselves into fury. The agitation and excitement was intense. They swore in public manifestoes, and alas! the barbarous massacre of our six countrymen near Canton in December, 1847, testified at once their fidelity to their oath and the depth of

their demoniac rage and jealous hatred of the foreigner.

Then came Sir George Bonham in 1848, and his rule extended to 1855. Without high talent, or any pretension to it, he was yet a man of more than average good, shrewd, common sense and right feeling. He early discerned the true nature of the rebellion, and, friendly towards all, he was above seeking to frame a policy adapted merely to gain local popularity. He allowed the "opening of Canton" question to remain in abeyance, and the Cantonese agitators, left to themselves, soon took to rebelling against their own Government. In the same manner we have more recently seen the North Americans, after provoking us in various disputes for more than a generation, at last reap the consequences of indulging in unreasoning hatred by their quarrelling among themselves when determinedly let alone by us. And, in truth, the Cantonese had become so sobered by their own misfortunes that in 1854 foreigners could safely go about the country. Thus, the war power was superfluous for a sensible governor like Sir G. Bonham, who would not have exercised it.

He was succeeded by Sir John Bowring, who was responsible for the miserable Lorcha War, the real blame of which, however, is to be laid on Admiral Sir Michael Seymour. Yet the admiral was a high-minded, humane man, who, when the game was hunted up by Mr. Acting-Consul Parkes, and he set after it, never dreamed he was about to fall into a terrible pit, and be the cause of death to unoffending millions.

Then came Lord Elgin and the Treaty of 1858 at Tientsin. A most grave error was committed by him in omitting to establish a British officer of some

kind at Peking pending the ratification of the treaty. Sir Frederick Bruce followed in 1859, and behold the consequences of his possessing the war power in the repulse of the Peiho in 1859, followed by the War of Revenge in 1860. The poor old Tories of Peking had conceived a childish plan. The forts were greatly strengthened. If the foreign gunboats should force the passage, we shall receive the British envoy, and punish the officers of the forts for firing on him; but if the forts beat the gunboats away, then we shall have got rid of this envoy, and our prestige will be unharmed in the eyes of the nation. They never reflected that the barbarians would very probably return in great force. The design was known, and had Mr. Lay, the Inspector-General of Customs at Shanghai, been worth his salt, he would have hastened to Peking, and demonstrated to the Chinese ministers the dangerous folly of the plot.

Sir F. Bruce's subsequent career at Peking and his policy in China were alike creditable to his name, just and praiseworthy for its friendliness to the Chinese Government, and of incalculable benefit both to the Chinese people and the British nation. Under him British influence declared against the rebellion. Of Mr. Alcock I have before said enough as to his fitness to have such a power committed to his trust. His previous hostile attitude and unfriendly acts at Shanghai are sufficient to account for his failure as a minister at Peking, and in a great degree also for the national indignity of our royal prince the Duke of Edinburgh being refused an official reception by the Regent Prince Kung. So much for the men of the past. The best men of the young school of service

there now, originally established by Lord Clarendon will, I think, concur in my views.

But a war with China, or, at least, a temporary stoppage of the trade, is not without its secret partisans here also—men who would hesitate to avow, if they did not vehemently deny, any such desire. The Foreign Office, however, better versed in Chinese affairs than the general public or its professed teachers and guides, may not be quite ignorant that such occurrences may be profitable to a class of individuals, at the expense of the general community. The Lorcha War caused an immediate rise of sixpence a pound,—two guineas a chest, in tea; the first war much more, I believe. Hence the cheerful submission on our part to occasional interruptions of the trade. The largest fortunes have been made in such disturbed times. Lancashire, too, "pushing the trade," participates largely in the produce of China tea, &c., in return for its cottons. During the past five years it is well known that millions of money have been lost in the China trade, solely from excessive competition glutting the home market. No wonder that Young Britain, at every little *contretemps*, cries in agony, "Oh, for three months of Sir Harry Parkes, to set the Mandarins in their proper place"—the Mandarins, be it noted, being in no way responsible for the merchants' losses, the cause of this irritation, we may hope—and seems never tired of threatening prognostications of war. But as in New Zealand so in China, by the exercise of more caution and forbearance we may hope to escape the dangers they would appear to dread. It is almost superfluous to say more, public opinion having so unmistakably declared against any more China wars being under-

taken at the instigation either of merchants or missionaries. It is not that I would advocate the abdication of our duty to civilisation and to the Chinese nation. Far from it. But I would first, before I pressed hard upon them, consider whether our demands were just and reasonable, and not urged merely with a view to our own immediate benefit. Consider the affair of the coasting trade. Lord Elgin, in 1858, desisted from forcing it open to foreign ships, by a stroke of the pen, when implored by the Chinese authorities not to take the bread out of the mouths of perhaps 50,000 Chinese sailors, manning about 4000 junks, sailing from Shanghai and Ningpo to the north, as our merchants wanted, and merely for the benefit of a dozen or more English and German shipowners. Sir F. Bruce, some years later,* did induce the Chinese Government to throw open this north coasting trade to us, but the Chinese, I believe, have contrived to avert the injury by imposing an extra duty on pulse, &c., brought down in foreign ships when taken inland. Would our junk-owners on the British coast like such treatment?

Urh hai pieh jin, fang tsz ko,
Pieh jin hai urh, kiŏh joo ho?

You injure other men—that you may do;
By other men when injured—then how feel you?

Again, why make provisions in treaties which will inevitably be the cause of abuses and trouble—such as passing goods as British property in the interior? In my humble opinion we should relinquish such questionable advantages. We have more ports on the coast than enough. What had we to do going

* I have learned, since writing the above, that the credit or discredit of this "advantage" being obtained was due to the first German envoy sent to Peking, whose importunity procured it; Sir F. Bruce only followed.

among the turbulent people of Formosa, an island without any good harbour, and the products of which the Chinese brought to Amoy as cheaply as we can? Give up that place, and also Wenchow and Woo-hoo, for a good port at the head of the navigation of the Yangtsz in Tzechuen, if we can arrange it so. The opening of more ports in 1858, it must be confessed, has done little for us nationally or individually. The Lorcha War gave us that treaty, at a cost, including the war of 1860, of £15,000,000, and several thousand lives lost from disease. Since then, where a failure was scarce known before, nearly half our China houses have gone into the Bankruptcy Court. So much for heavy expenses of branches, and a gambling sort of excited trade. In India, under our own rule, we find that two great ports suffice for nine tenths of our vast commerce with that country.

Nearly twenty years ago I drew up a memorandum for the late Sir George Bonham, in which I expressed my opinion that all we required in addition to the five ports was the opening of the Yangtsz, and the establishment of a minister at Peking, which latter implies the opening of the Port of Tientsin; and I adhere to that opinion still. But we unfortunately were committed to a violent course. The consequence has been the loss of half of the silk, and millions paid in enhanced prices for tea, owing to the havoc caused by the rebellion, to which our war gave a fresh stimulus. In return for all this, we have the satisfaction to think that Mr. Acting-Consul has been converted into Sir Harry Parkes, and that the British flag flies at half a dozen paltry places where it was unseen before.

When Young Britain comes to realise the reality of the change in public opinion here, he will become more cautious in his proceedings and more moderate in his demands. Let it not be imagined that I expect no difficulties will hereafter arise in China; on the contrary, the memory of the past may not easily be obliterated, and there are causes still at work sufficient to cause grave apprehension for the future. We have brought a curse to the country in our Opium. Now, if the Gin consumed in England was all imported by the Dutch from Holland, and their Government reaped enormous gains from it, would not Mynheer be hateful to us, and a mark for constant declamation? Only, instead of manifestoes on the walls, our organs of public opinion would denounce the unprincipled and avaricious Dutchmen in fiery leaders in the papers, and in scathing speeches at public meetings.

We have, also, our Missionaries, ever prone to get us into trouble. When the Duke of Somerset denounced them as "rogues and enthusiasts," his language was unjustifiable and discreditable. Rogues! I never heard of one. Enthusiasts! almost to a man. For what but some kind of enthusiasm would take the missionary there? To spend his best days in a dreary, hopeless, thankless effort, trying to buoy himself up with religious fervour; and then, when heart-sickened and unable longer to furnish "graphic accounts" of the most meager if not imaginary successes, to be consigned to poverty and obscurity at last, is not an attractive prospect. The choleric word, however, did not, perhaps, express the exact idea intended to be conveyed. If the duke had denounced the missionaries who have

meddled in Chinese politics as mischievous busybodies, he would not have been far wrong. The conduct of the principal English missionaries, in shutting their eyes to the real nature of the rebellion and misleading their countrymen, has been most reprehensible. It would be difficult to exaggerate the evil consequences of their systematically publishing whatever came to their knowledge of oppression or cruelty, or abuses that reflected on the Chinese Government or its officers, on the minds of their own countrymen; while, on the other hand, the most ferocious and red-handed rebels found in them constant apologists, if not defenders. Last winter the London Missionary Society, declaring to Lord Clarendon its repugnance to violence, and forgetting the affair of Tsingpoo in 1848, announced that its missionaries in China "would take joyfully the spoiling of their goods." I would hold them to that declaration. As British subjects they have a right to protection, but the steps to be taken for redress when injured must be qualified by some consideration of their own conduct. If they wilfully, wantonly, thrust themselves into danger, they must accept the chance of little redress. Now, the Dr. Taylor who was the cause of the Yangchow trouble of 1868, in a little work published here in 1866,* tells us himself of such a visit paid by him, in company with another missionary belonging to the Church Missionary Society, to the city of Yangchow, at the north entrance of the Yangstz. He tells how he was repeatedly warned by respectable country people, before he arrived at the place, not to go there, because it was swarming with drunken

* Nesbit, Berners Street—'China.'

militiamen, who would be sure to insult any stranger; but he persisted in going; he "felt that he had a call to preach the Gospel that day at Tungchow." They entered the place, and were more nearly becoming martyrs than they expected, or perhaps wished. A gigantic Chinese militiaman, more than half drunk, first spied and suddenly pounced upon them—his comrades joined — they were dragged along—the odd thing being that the militiamen would not believe them to be Englishmen at all, but Chinese traitors in English clothes, from their speaking Chinese; and so they one and all resolved on killing them forthwith. Luckily for our countrymen, the disturbance soon brought some Chinese police on the scene, who effected their release from danger very adroitly. Readily assenting to the demands of the rowdies, they submitted it to their intelligence whether it was not due out of respect to the Governor, first to obtain his sanction. They were then taken with all respect to a police-station, where Chin, the Governor, soon appeared and treated them like a good Samaritan. But he was much perturbed at the danger he had just escaped—remonstrating with them on coming there without notice. He would have given permission to them to scatter as many tracts as they pleased, and sent police to protect them from harm.

Now, the danger is that the missionary is always going to some Chow or other to preach and scatter tracts; he confuses the superior energy of mind and body which impels him forward with a call from Heaven. Hence the great necessity that such men shall be possessed of some wisdom and prudence to temper their enthusiasm. French writers taunt us

with propagating opium and cotton by the sword—and that is bad enough—but it is worse seeking by such means to disseminate a faith in which many of yourselves do not believe. The Chinese are not an intolerant people; but even here in England a Chinaman, preaching a religion other than Christianity, might be stoned. "Your religion is good for you; ours is best for us." That is what has often been said by them to me when referring to the missionaries. The French Government has a very serious responsibility in protecting the Latin missionaries who are scattered over the empire to the number of several hundreds, and will always have trouble on hand. The Chinese cannot brook that any of their people should bow the knee to foreigners. The assumptions of the priests are intolerable in their eyes. They will not permit a divided allegiance; and the more violent redress for wrong is exacted, the more the danger to the others will increase. They know the conquest of Cochin China was caused by the priests; hence they dread and hate them, but politically they have no fear of the English and Americans.

It is said, however, that our minister should be empowered to "make a demonstration of force" when local troubles arise; but the danger is we cannot always count upon certain success, nor tell to what such demonstrations may lead. Whereas, although we may often lose time in obtaining redress, yet by acting in concert with the Chinese Government when the application of force becomes unavoidable, we shall arrive at a more sure and satisfactory result. Many delude themselves with the shallow idea that, because the ignorant, unreflecting, common people of China have not generally an antipathy to

foreigners, therefore it is expedient to be hostile to the Mandarins, and to humble them. But they overlook the fact that the governing class in China represents the intelligence of the nation as truly as in European countries. It is nonsensical to talk like our great novelist of the little people being wiser than the great people. The "working-man" of China is generally a good-natured, cheerful, industrious fellow. The man of education, although extremely well versed in the affairs of his own country, is very ignorant of the rest of the world; he believes in the infinite superiority of China to other nations, and finds it hard to have his prejudices disturbed. He is conservative to the core. The isolation of China has been the cause. The barriers are now broken down, and we must try to have him educated up to the age, like our own Constitutionalists, instead of fighting with him. To accomplish this end every effort should be made to induce them to travel abroad. Mr. Hart deserves much credit for the Chinese Government Commissioner Pin being deputed to travel in Europe in 1866 by his advice. I met Pin at Stockholm, and had a long conversation with him. A sober-minded, observing, intelligent man; assuredly impressed by our superior material civilisation. And it was a pleasure to be told by such a man—no flatterer—that of all the great Mandarins he had seen in western countries, it was Lord Clarendon whom he would esteem the most. Mr. Ross Browne informs us that Pin made a report adverse to "progress" on his return to Peking, but I discredit the accuracy of his information. He told me his journal would be submitted to Prince Kung, and very likely published. I urged on him the import-

ance of persuading the Government to send another commission, employing men of the highest rank.

It was, I think, an unfortunate idea for the Chinese minister to depute Mr. Burlingame as an envoy, or, indeed, to employ any foreigner for such a mission. I cannot understand how our minister, Sir R. Alcock, should have approved of it, as he evidently did, by lending, so to speak, Mr. Macleavy Brown of our legation as Chinese secretary. He showed there again, I think, his usual want of judgment and foresight. He should have refused his aid or co-operation, unless to accompany Chinese solely, and men of high rank. And before thus compromising Her Majesty's Government at all, it was his duty to ascertain the precise object of the mission. Mr. Burlingame is a good-natured, well-disposed man, not to be blamed, perhaps, for the fact that the proposed additional duties will scarcely affect American interests; but will every foreign adventurer hereafter be as unobjectionable? We have had the good fortune in China to be associated with American "first-class men," and the general harmony of action and mutual loyalty of feeling subsisting among foreigners has been for the benefit of all. Mr. Burlingame will pardon me when I couple his name with the word "adventurer." I do so when I look on that clause in the treaty concluded between him and that tricky, wordy politician, Mr. Seward, by which—were other nations so to bind themselves—everything tending towards improvement, advancement, or progress in China would not only be arrested, but the very discussion thereof debarred. An ambassador generally goes abroad to say something he may think for the good of his country; but who ever heard before of

an ambassador stipulating against the formation of roads and the construction of telegraphs? He is no true friend to the Chinese who would thus lend himself to encourage them in a vain opposition to the course of events. Had Mr. Burlingame appeared as a special envoy, for the special purpose of securing to the Chinese Government the same rights never denied to other treaty powers,—the same guarantee against sudden acts of war on the part of foreigners in China, I should have bidden him God speed, although the same work should have been accomplished by a Chinese minister. I have above shown that this peace policy had long before been adopted by Lord Clarendon, and only remained to be formally declared. But Mr. Burlingame remains only a hindrance and an obstruction to Chinese of rank being sent abroad. The reason why the Chinese Tories of Peking refused for months to ratify even the American treaty is plain enough to my mind—it was simply because the British and French Burlingame Agreements contained no such anti-progress clause. It was not the Americans in China, but the British, who were clamouring in menacing tones for progress, and the British Government declined to humour the obstinate old man of Peking by also admitting such a clause, at the expense of sacrificing its duty to civilisation and to common-sense. Hence, at Peking they considered the Burlingame mission partly a failure. Astute enough, however, to keep one good card back, he reserved his negotiation with Russia—next to Britain the most important power with which China has to deal, and its neighbour in the north; and thus the countryman of Mr. Hosea Biglow has obtained a further lease of office. But if

he be undeserving of being called by a leading review a "shrewd spouting adventurer," he will quickly relieve himself of his present invidious post. Nor need the Chinese Government grudge what he has cost. It was worth the money to have little wars forbidden once for all.

It is impossible to resist smiling at our being made to play a part in the pageant of Mr. Burlingame's triumphal reception at San Francisco and Boston, through the sagacity of our minister. Imagine the ex-pro-consul, the conquering hero from old Cathay come;—the oldest and youngest of nations chinchinning—the charioting and hurraing—the firing of cannon, and banqueting, and orating, and general Yankeedoodle-danding—and think, then, that to produce all this, we Great Britons contributed our Mr. Macleavy Brown, while imperial France added her M. des Champs.* And as he approaches old Europe, whom do we see marching proudly in the van, and sounding the gong to herald the great arrival? We rub our eyes in doubt and wonder. And yet it is he, sure enough, our friend and much respected countryman, Charles Mackay, LL.D., challenging Britain to beware how it neglects him.† The public, we fear, forgot what was due to itself on the occasion, and we have heard that Mr. G. F. Train will assess the slight, and add it to the Alabama claims.

I have already referred to the discourtesy of the Peking ministry in regard to the British prince, and it is right they should know the displeasure of the British Government. Those who, like as I am told

* M. des Champs being in the Chinese Customs' service, however, in a measure relieves the French Minister at Peking from responsibility.

† See the 'Broadway Magazine,' for December, 1868.

Sir Charles Dilke, would excuse them on the ground of "traditions," are not their true friends, for the wounded pride, suspicion and fear of to-day, as well as the arrogant insolence of the past, are all comparatively modern—the result of isolation and fear—and are essentially opposed to the spirit of the ancient Chinese writings. Sir Charles Dilke, who writes so wisely of what he knows, and describes with such charms what he has seen, cannot, however, of himself, be an authority to address the public on our policy in China. He cannot but derive his inspiration from others, for his eyes have never beheld the *laou Tang-shan*,—the old hills of China. He deserves the heartiest praise for his attempts to befriend the Chinese, but in the manner thereof he is as much mistaken as in the way he would seek to make the country more accessible. Here is what he says on the subject of a railway from Burmah to China, one of the wildest projects ever conceived :—"It is to be hoped that the next few years may see a railway from Rangoon to Southern China, and from Calcutta to the Yangtsekiang, a river upon which there are ample stores of coal which would supply the manufacturing wants of India."—*Greater Britain*, vol. ii, p. 336.

And here, in contrast, is the opinion of M. Carné, a French traveller, a member of an expedition which, ascending the river of Cambodia in 1866, traversed the south-west of China, and descended the Yangtsekiang. I translate it from the 'Revue des deux Mondes' of 15th January, 1870 :—"If the Anglo-Saxon race should one day apply to the execution of such a work all the resources at its disposal, and its characteristic perseverance, it would, doubtless,

triumph over all obstacles; but I venture to affirm that it will be long before it thinks of undertaking it. Without enumerating here the difficulties of many kinds necessary to be overcome before the mountains of Yunnan can be joined by a railway with the shores of the Gulph of Martaban, it will be sufficient for me to say that immense sums might be engulphed in the work, remaining an unproductive expense if the order of things inaugurated in 1855 by the revolt of the Mahometans should ultimately prevail; for a state founded on the triumph of Mahometan fanaticism would leave such an enterprise without any guarantee for the future. The proofs will not be wanting in the course of this narrative to support this assertion. We had scarcely entered China when our eyes were saddened with the sight of ruins on every side. The scourge of which we had viewed the traces, especially in the last province of Laos, had still more cruelly ravaged this part of Yunnan, and villages abandoned or destroyed became more numerous as we approached the city."

No, this is not a time to pander to foolish prejudices, or encourage ideas adverse to their true interests. The China "Ship of State" is like a crazy old junk on the morrow after a typhoon, tossing on the still troubled sea. The foreign fire-ship gliding by heeds it not. The fleet tea-clipper, too, passes on. Is it not time to think of adopting foreign improvements to keep her afloat? It is, in my opinion, the duty of the foreign ministers at Peking to lose no opportunity of urging upon the Chinese ministers the expediency—even the necessity—of advancing. When this is done in a conciliatory spirit, and advantage is taken of every proper occasion to bring a

moral pressure to bear upon them, I cannot doubt of ultimate success. The distant possessions of Yarkand and Cashgar are lost to the empire. The Mahometan revolt in Yunnan on the south-west—one of the eighteen provinces—has desolated that region; the embers of rebellion in the others have scarce yet died out, and brigandage is far from suppressed. Is it not time, then, to think of adopting a system of European discipline—of employing European officers of good standing, and of organizing a force deserving the name of an army? Let them appoint European officers of character, as a duty alike to the dynasty, whose existence is imperilled by the weakness of the central Government, and to the people for their protection and security. They are building and buying steamers for the suppression of piracy on the coast, and so far that is well. But there is no good excuse for their forbidding the gradual use of steamers on the waters leading inland from Shanghai, the people having been accustomed to see them during the rebellion. And although the first and most pressing want of China is executive power, yet I think the question of Railways is also one that should be urged upon their consideration. The officials have to prepare the public mind by publications for such works. A railway to connect Shanghai with Soochow on one hand, and Hangchow on the other, and those two cities direct, is an enterprise which could not fail to be of much benefit, alike to the people and the Government. A 300-mile line, in that the richest district of China, built with foreign capital at a fair rate of interest, with a customs revenue guarantee, could not lose much to the Government even at first, and the time they may listen to such advice may

now be approaching. We have now, in Mr. Wade, a minister accomplished in the language, and of very great experience, and whose early military education* may render his advice more valuable and acceptable to them. The greatest hope in their renouncing their old isolated ideas lies, however, in their being induced to travel abroad. It is an error to suppose that men like Commissioners Pin and Suntajin,† or, indeed, any intelligent Chinese, are not converted into admirers of much of what they see abroad. They do acknowledge it. And while their first object is to secure international peace, and they never indulge in bunkum speeches about entering the family of nations and so forth, yet they know and feel the gigantic difficulty of making the millions at home—in China—appreciate what they have never seen and can very imperfectly understand. I would, then, try to persuade the Chinese Government to establish a System of Foreign Travel for its chief officers—the governors of the provinces open to foreign trade, and high officers of the army. Taking their letter of credentials delivered by Mr. Burlingame as my ground of action, I would tell them that if you, in truth, do earnestly desire to cement a good alliance with foreign nations and to understand them, your high officers must first become acquainted with them, which can only be obtained by going abroad. Let it be laid down, then, as a rule that officers qualified for those appointments must first have travelled—a Government allowance being given—one year abroad before they can obtain office. A shocking proposition, no doubt, for old China nerves—one, too,

* Mr. Wade originally went to China in 1842, as an officer in Her Majesty's 98th Regiment.

† With whom also I have had several conversations.

which the partisans of repression and violence may at first deem Utopian — one, too, not agreeable either to the rising Mandarin, who would think of rambles among the barbarians with as little pleasure as our "awful" young military muftis do of the prospect of a sojourn in Hindostan; but yet one, I venture to think, which, being so obviously useful, will some day be realised. We are not justified in expecting that they shall adopt our ideas at a jump, like those prince-ridden people, the Japanese, who must do what their feudal chiefs bid them, and can scarcely call their souls their own. It is very different with the great (almost democratic) people of China, where the poor peasant's son may rise to be premier. The first book he learns to read impels him to diligence, and appeals to his ambition; for if successful in learning, honours and wealth may be his, and the poor boy may yet stand before kings. The moral conquest of such a people, their voluntary adhesion to our views, is the object at which we should aim. We have but to remember how many obstinate old men we have had among ourselves— who consistently and persistently have denounced all change; how railways were condemned, and transatlantic steamships demonstrated to be a fanciful idea.

A system of travel is, I think, preferable to the establishment of permanent legations in Europe. Many more Mandarins would be brought under the influence of foreign ideas. The Chinese, like Dr. Johnson's traveller, would, perhaps, see in surveying the world much that would cause him pain, even at Hongkong, ere he had scarce crossed the threshold of the empire. If he remained in Europe long, he might be astonished to find the various nations who

are so ambitious to convert him to their religion of peace, generally on the brink of war among themselves; that war and the preparations for it, and means of guarding against it, is an endless theme with them for writing and discussing. In legislation he would wonder to find that after the Mandarins of the people had been making laws, day and night, for nearly a thousand years, so much yet remained to be done; and that, as regards questions touching his native country, in the clamour of contending factions vieing for power, the claims of right, and truth, and justice, might be held of little account. He would also marvel to learn that in a rich country like Britain, with a population no greater than an average Chinese province, there were a million of people so poor or so degraded as to subsist on public charity. I believe, however, that India is the proper field for Chinese travel first. There they will see and be more likely to understand the working of, perhaps, the best-governed country in the world. The question of our position in Hongkong, and how to reconcile that smuggling piratical depôt with justice to China, is one that would require a special study, and on which I cannot now dwell.

For the suppression of piracy there is, perhaps, but one cure—total disarmament of Chinese vessels, and registration. It is to be hoped the European officers of the Chinese fleet may soon be able to undertake this.

So much for the present. If we now try to "pierce the shades of dim futurity," the Opium Spectre directly meets our gaze. My own opinion will have been already seen; and I knew more of their family and domestic life, and in several provinces, than most foreigners in my time, and I believe myself within the mark when I say, that if a Chinaman,

above the class of the labouring man, has three sons, opium will send at least one of them "to the dogs," and that he that contracts the habit in youth will end his life ten or fifteen years before his time. The "gross and mortal enjoyments of alcohol" are not to be compared with the marvellously fascinating power of the "divine luxury" of opium. On this subject let me again quote the opinion of the French traveller in China, above referred to, from the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' 15th Jan., 1870:—"I do not believe that there has ever been in the world a more terrible scourge than opium. The alcohol employed by Europeans to destroy the savages, the plague that ravages a country, cannot be compared to it. Its attractive power, above all, is irresistible; the poorest beggar will think of smoking before he eats; and, frightful to think of, once the habit is acquired, one becomes a fatal prey to the poison. Many Chinese came to us to ask for a remedy against the temptation to which they were constantly yielding even while they cursed it." The field of observation of this traveller being Yunnan and Szechuen in the south-west, the opium smoked there is now chiefly of native growth, cheaper and even more deleterious in its effects than the Indian drug. It is the case, I believe, that our forcing the legalization upon the Government has paralysed its action against the native cultivation of the poppy, and for the last few years the foreign import has not increased.

But let us examine the position. Let us consider how a Chinese statesman must feel appalled, and almost in despair, when he thinks of it. Fifty years ago the import of opium into China was under 5000 chests. At the present time it is

about 80,000 chests! If the consumption of alcohol in Britain had increased in such a fearful degree, would we think any remedy too desperate to be resorted to? Should we now act then as the "moderate men" and temporizers of the North in America did in passing the Fugitive Slave Law, or take warning by what befel their country in consequence? Shall we, merely thinking of raising revenue in India, deluge China with an increased supply of the drug, as the Indian press seems to demand. Shall we refuse to see and believe that in, perhaps, less than twenty years China may possess a very numerous fleet of steamers, with American and French officers in command; and that then the instinct of self-preservation may move the nation to demand it, and that the order from Government may go forth *for the total prohibition of opium?* And the world would look on with applause at our being thus checkmated in the far East. Think, then, of the blow given to our prestige in India, of the embarrassment it would occasion. We should pay the penalty for this,—after slavery, — the greatest crime against humanity, chargeable against our boasted Anglo-Saxon race. What, then, should be done? My humble opinion is this: let the Indian Government immediately renounce all further cultivation of the poppy. The infamy has already existed too long. Let it start the first year by imposing an export duty of 600 rupees per chest at Calcutta as at Bombay, until it be seen whether private cultivation increases the production of opium in Bengal or diminishes it. Afterwards let the export duty on opium from India be annually increased at a regular graduated rate, calculated so to raise the price as to lessen the production several

thousand chests a year. Thus in the course of a generation the noxious trade might be reduced to very small limits, or extinguished altogether. Our Indian Government has since 1842, the date of the treaty of Nanking, drawn from China about *one hundred and fifty millions sterling*, revenue from opium, being profit on the Bengal cultivation, and export duty on that from Malwa. It has lately reached up to £7,000,000 or £8,000,000 a year. Will the Duke of Argyle reflect on this? Is Mr. Grant Duff's rosy picture a true representation of the Eastern sky? Is not this wing of our Indian castle built on a foundation of sand? Thirty centuries ago the Chinese sages taught that Heaven sent down calamities to punish nations for their crimes, but the Anglo-Saxon refuses to believe in any moral government of the universe. Prostituting the fairest lands of India to the production of a poisonous plant for his own profit, he is involved in consequent wars. The thunderbolts of Heaven were let loose against him in the mountains of Affghanistan, and men stood aghast with horror at the direful deeds done in the plains during the mutiny—at the very period of our first and second Chinese wars—yet he disdains to recognise any Unseen Power in his punishment. It has been taught in China for more than 2500 years that men must not do to others what they would not like to be done to them—"Kee so puh yuh, fu-shi-yeu-jin." Can we then be surprised that the Chinese, while giving foreigners credit for being truthful, still do believe that in the pursuit of wealth they neither fear God nor regard man?

But there is another consideration which should induce our Indian Government to take heed and

reform its finance in time. The Chinese may resolve to prohibit foreign opium, even if they cannot debar its culture at home, as still lessening the evil—so much less paid out of the country. Let us hope that those to whom the destinies of our Indian Empire are entrusted will take a higher view of a matter of such vast importance than to leave it to the direction of "departments." The Indian service is not so deficient in brains as to be unable to devise wiser means of making India pay the cost of its government.

It is not without a feeling of pain that I see in the China papers so much of the old Canton feeling of animosity to the Chinese transferred to Shanghai, where there is so little excuse for it. If Young Britain has but a headache now, there appears some one like Mr. Lay always ready to pop up and avow his "solemn conviction that the Mandarins are at the bottom of it." Our energetic countrymen are too apt also to forget that a tent is better than no cover. The Chinese Government is like a tent, and they would tug recklessly at the ropes until they brought the frail fabric down about their ears. What blindness to forget that *any* government is better than anarchy! Under this deplorable feeling of animosity they appear resolved to construe everything in the worst light. Nothing is of so much pressing immediate necessity in China than some better organized force, military and naval. The Government is accordingly doing something in that direction, establishing arsenals and getting soldiers drilled according to European ideas, precisely what is so much required for the suppression of brigandage and piracy. Our people, however, can only see in this preparations for another war with the foreigners. Any idle *on dit* brag seems

now to find ready acceptance. Yet formerly we, too, had our *canards*—how the Government was always about to propose to buy us all out of Shanghai, and confine the foreign trade to Canton as before, &c. &c., which we took for what they were worth. Foreigners, too, are ready to forget that when a Chinaman boasts, he has after all some grounds for his pride. His country, seven or eight times as large as France, is still what it was when seen by Camoens, the first genius of the West who ever set foot on the Cathayan shore:

> "O soberbo Imperio que se afama,
> Con terras e riquezas nao cuidado."

And the innumerable millions of its people he feels do possess not merely an incalculable power of industry, but also, if once organized and developed, an irresistible power for defensive war. Men who fear not death are never to be despised. We know how fearless our Chinese transport corps were under fire at the Peiho, and how their northern countrymen could stand to their guns. Our brave and noble soldier Colonel Gordon can tell us how his disciplined Chinese, after being twice repulsed, and after seeing many of their European officers shot down, mounted the breach a third time when led by him, and took the city of Changchow by assault.

No; let our policy be not to press our innovations in a harsh aggressive spirit upon them. They will improve in time. They are not deficient in talent altogether, and may yet shine even as "promoters" and organizers of "Joint-Stock Limited Liability Companies." We cannot, however, hope that the Chinese Government will ever rise to such a height of "liberty and independence of mind" as to borrow

money from foreigners for railways and other purposes, and afterwards pay off such debts in paper yellowbacks, made a legal tender by a special law, and to be turned into money only at a great discount. The smart men of America will not easily induce them thus to seek handsome profits, or to make them promise much and pay little. It is for us now to disarm them of all suspicion and fear—to prove that we seek not our own benefit by injuring them. We gave them for a time a General such as they had never known, whose name even they will not readily let die; for Kwo,* the English General of the Spear, will be remembered as the benefactor of many millions restored to peace and security by the suppression of the rebellion in Kiang-soo. We have, on the one hand, calmly but earnestly to represent to the Chinese ministers the necessity for following our advice if they would preserve the Dynasty—how the successive blows struck have proved all but mortal—how another rebellion will assuredly be so. For the first Chinese endowed with a capacity for war who rises against it, on Chinese principles, and with higher aims than mere plunder and sensual indulgence, will have every chance of success; and such a man may, at any moment, arise from among those now being trained—the partial effort may prove but a mere playing with edged tools.

We have, on the other hand, to remove all sense of distrust; and this is the policy now formally adopted by the Earl of Clarendon and the Gladstone Ministry — a policy which neither oppresses the weak nor truckles to the strong, and which, as respects China, the public will, I cannot doubt, confirm and uphold.

* Colonel Gordon's Chinese name.

Here I would stop, but the reflection arises that the men now in power in England, striving to do justly by all, at home and abroad, with the noble ambition to make of this British Navarre the glory of the world, will all and each, in a few short years, be consigned to his "six cubits of yellow earth;" and that the good which men may seek to do in their lives, is too often "interred with their bones." "Men's minds are like water," easily ruffled by the passing breeze, and the power we possess, for weal or woe, over the millions of China, may again be abused. Let me then attempt to convey some idea of the horrors of war in China; of the woeful fate that befel the unhappy people of the land of Woo—the Chinese Netherlands, of which Shanghai is the chief port*—a people so mild and inoffensive, so cheerful and industrious, so quiet and orderly, but perhaps the most unwarlike in the world. Let me picture to the reader's mind the misery of that people when the rebel murdering host, inspirited by our advance to Peking, broke out from Nanking, and, descending the country, overthrew the Imperial Army defending the province, killing the General in command. And to bring it home to his mind, Albion shall be my field of suffering, and my Shanghai shall be *the port of Liverpool.*

Consider, then, that by the fault of your Government, a mighty Armada has invaded your shores; that London has been occupied and Windsor Castle burned down, in just retaliation for acts of cruelty; that in consequence of your Government having for

* The people must have died in thousands daily during that winter of 1860. The loss of life in China caused by the Rebellion has been estimated at twenty millions. I believe it to have been much more.

ages neglected its first duty—to provide effectual means for the preservation of public order—a sufficient material force—the occurrence of a foreign war had caused rebellion to spread throughout the land; that for years the ancient capital of York had been in rebel hands,—and see if you can, with Chinese eyes, and unmoved, the fate of your countrymen. Collecting their bands for a great effort the rebels make a rush. Leeds and Bradford and Halifax are burnt—the young men impressed—their elders murdered. Manchester is taken and stockaded, its suburbs burnt, its mills and warehouses mostly heaps of ruins. Then they swarm over the country plundering the towns. Bolton and Blackburn, and Rochdale and Preston are all sacked; the Ribble (scenes of my youth) is reddened with blood, for they kill and slay everywhere to excite terror,—the teachers are fled from Stoneyhurst, and desolation spreads over the land. Ah! think now of the misery of those, of whom, when sitting at our ease, we speak with so much equanimity of mind, as able to take care of themselves, and so forth. Think of your own brothers and sisters and fathers and friends overcome with consternation and terror, flying for their lives—abandoning their homes, and too glad if they can but save the gold and the silver they may possess. See how they, in thousands and thousands, crowd hurrying along, by boat and on foot—the high and low, rich and poor, the gentle and the simple ones—many bewailing their unhappy fate, and calling upon God, as the sun goes down, to end their misery. But multitudes more try to comfort and encourage each other to hold on for Liverpool, for there they have heard there are Foreigners

who dwell securely. They have lofty houses and ample grounds, brave soldiers, and guns. And their Ships ride high on the waters of the Mersey—great ships filled with cannons and with strong, fierce men; and their Chiefs have sternly proclaimed that they will suffer no rebel to approach within their bounds. They press on; but, day of woe! Woo-hoo-ngai-tsai—alas! the piercing north wind begins to blow—moaning mournfully in the cypress groves around the tombs, for nature is wrapt in sorrow; and the snow descends.* Many seek destruction—more fall by the way—and women taken in labour perish at the gates; while of those who succeed in reaching the wished-for haven of security, scores are destined to die nightly of starvation,—and a country, before cultivated like a garden, becomes a desolate, howling waste.

Happily Albion has long been exempted from such scenes, and for any parallel we must go far back into history,—to the dark and remote days of those fierce pagans—the filibustering forefathers of the English people,—when their ruthless hordes crossed the North Sea,—and by force and fraud possessed themselves of this land of Britain. Yet, to the descendants of those Teutons—once so rude, now so great—once so savage, now so civilised—I know an appeal to them, never to forget what is due to humanity, will not be in vain. They who have given peace and prosperity unparalleled to India, will not in the end deny the same to China. But they must prove their practical belief in a revealed religion—prove it nobler in aim, and as unselfish in spirit and operation as the natural religion taught by Confucius—the religion of Humanity.

* The winter of 1860 was unusually severe for Lat. 31.

NOTES.

THE *Chinese impatience of taxation* was curiously exemplified on one occasion, I recollect, at Sunkiangfoo, a city near Shanghai. The crops had suffered from inundations, and the cheefoo or prefect, instead of compassionately remitting a great part of the taxes, as authorised, took another course. The country people then assembled in great crowds at his official residence. He was personally attacked. One fellow bit off a portion of his ear, and he had to fly for his life. He would, of course, lose his post. "Jin tee puh seang ye"—the man and the place don't suit each other—would be the decision. On another occasion, asking a friend the cause of an *émeute* in Chekiang, he replied, "Hitherto in that district the natives have been taxed about 1½*d.* per head or per tail a year; but now the new Mandarin, being an avaricious ogre, wants 1½*d.*—hence the trouble."

The *Canton turbulence* and hatred of foreigners was deeply impressed upon my mind by an occurrence on my first visit, in May, 1843. I and another young Scot, named Melville, had resolved on a little feat—crossing the city and passing round the east side. Starting at daybreak from the factories, we entered the nearest gate, and had passed unobserved a considerable distance, when the alarm was given, and some of the shopkeepers near the gate hurried up and begged us to return, as they would be held responsible and be punished. We complied, and tried the next gate with the same result. We then skirted the city walls outside, thinking to gain the heights behind the city for the view. Unluckily some gamins, seeing us leaving the city, got on the walls, and kept following our course, shouting and throwing stones down upon us. Their noise gave the alarm, and before we could reach the

rising ground we were surrounded by a great mob of all the idlers and ragamuffins of the suburbs and villages, who hailed us with the most abusive epithets. Then, happily for us, the head constable, usually the most substantial man of the neighbourhood, came to the rescue. He was an unusually fine, tall, portly man, of fair complexion, and very well dressed in the light long silk gown adapted to the hot season. Accosting me, he asked where we were going; told us it would be impossible either to get shelter in the forts or to pass round, as the mob was fast increasing; that it would be best to follow him. I asked him who he was and his name, then told my companion that I thought it would be best to go with him. We then commenced our retreat by a detour round the villages for several miles, followed all the way by the mob, who kept shouting, "Attack them, beat them, kill the foreigners, behead the foreign devils—strike!" Our worthy *teepaon* behaved nobly. Every now and then he had to face round and keep them from closing on us, all the time trying to reason and remonstrate with them; and although they kept throwing dirt and broken bricks at us, they seldom hit, as they seemed to respect our friend, and wished to avoid hitting him. Not only the rabble at our heels, but even decent-looking labourers and others, on their way to and from the city, would stop, glare at us, and join in the cry to attack, all of which I understood only too well, answering every now and then my companion's inquiry as to what they were crying now. At length we got safe back to the factories, made our protector friend go with us, and, unasked, rewarded him as he well deserved. I could now understand the full significance of a Chinese phrase dinned for months in my lessons into my ears by its frequent occurrence in the manifestoes, "Chung-noo-nan-fan"—the wrath of the multitude is hard to oppose.

Hwangchukee, a village several miles from Canton, where six of our countrymen, walking on a Sunday afternoon in December, 1847, were attacked, and barbarously murdered. It was entirely political, the Chinese of the villages and city having vowed to kill any foreigners whom they thought

were seeking to obtain land according to the April agreement of Keying and Sir J. F. Davis; and had the naval officer at Whampoa been worthy of his name, he would have made a dash at the village in his boats, as he was entreated to do, and there is reason to think would have saved some of them. Only a month or so before, Governor Davis had notified publicly his belief that all was well and quiet at Canton. This tragedy brought his ill-starred rule to an end.

The custom-house at Shanghai in 1854, after the fall of the city, was established on board a ship, and bonds were given for duties, which bonds were never called up. The Americans, it is but just to say, did pay up a portion of theirs, which may now be considered a fair offset to the Burlingame expenses.

The disposition to construe everything in a perverse sense, unhappily so common in the far East, has received a recent illustration in reference to Corea. It is stated in the China papers that the crew of a ship lately wrecked on that coast were ordered to leave in their boats, on pain of death. No doubt, a misapprehension arising from the ignorance of the poor mariners. In 1851 I went from Shanghai, with the late M. de Montigny, French consul, to search the west coast of Corea for the crew of a Havre whaler wrecked on one of the islands, of which intelligence had been brought by some of the men, who crossed the Yellow Sea in a whaleboat. After being in great danger ourselves, narrowly escaping shipwreck in a hurricane, we, after long perseverance, succeeded in our search; but instead of the Coreans threatening the shipwrecked men in any way, they had supplied them with such food as the poor islands afforded—rice and fish (herrings mostly) on week days, and *veal on Sundays;* they had observed the captain hold religious service on Sundays. The only constraint used was to instal the whole twenty men in a farmhouse in the middle of a little plain, at a distance from the village, and prevent their rambling at will; and those who think what whalers are will not wonder at this. But everywhere during our search the written reply to my inquiries in Chinese was uniformly

to one effect:—"The laws are severe, and prohibit intercourse with foreigners on pain of death," suiting the action to the word by drawing the hand across their own throats. Six officials had just arrived before us at the island, and in reply to my inquiry told me they had orders to convey the foreigners through Corea to the north frontier, to be forwarded thence to Peking. I saw no reason to doubt this, although M. de Montigny believed they would have been detained for life as in former times, two hundred years back.

On another occasion, when an American ship was wrecked some years ago on the south coast of Quelpart Island, the official of the district showed particular kindness to the captain's wife and daughter, which causes the narrator of the event to record his opinion that the Corean chief intended to retain the daughter for his own use, as if every Corean Punch had not his own Judy *chez-lui*.

I should here do justice to our South Chinese sailors, of whom we had about a dozen—the main part of our crew—during that voyage of three or four weeks (in a poor cockle-shell of a lorcha on an unknown coast) full of danger, but more especially during that *triste noche* when we were overtaken by a hurricane in Eden Bay, Quelpart, and for about three hours expected every minute to be our last. Our Macao captain in tears, our few Europeans and our Manilla men in useless confusion; our oldest Chinese navigator, who had weathered many a blow on the stormy coast of Southern China, had thrown himself from the tiller as we neared the breakers, squatting on the deck; the sea, white with foam, was beaten down by the force of the wind, which blew with a terrible roar; and as we crowded round him, we could hear him hiss out in despair, "Ngo moon too eeou szee!" (*We are all going to die*). But our Chinese younger men were steady, and when, by an impulse to save our lives, if possible, I ran among the crew and took command, they promptly obeyed orders. We rode it out on the very edge of the breakers,—saved under Providence, by the backset, or under-current, from the precipitous coast.

And long after, among the Amherst Islands, when our captain was at his wit's end, our mat-sails all torn, our Europeans mutinously demanding our return to China, and scowling at me as I insisted on carrying on the search, the Chinese sailors were always cheerful and willing to go anywhere as long as the rice lasted.

Of some of the *Aberdeen Ministry appointments* to China the less said the better. On one occasion one of those officials afforded us great amusement. In a circular he sent round, the word guarantee happened to occur three times; he spelt it three different ways, *and all three wrong!* This veteran still adorns the service, and it is pleasant to know that his orthography is now quite unexceptionable, and that, if not a very wise, he is at least a cautious and prudent man.

Another instance of this ungenerous and unfair disposition has occurred in the case of an English missionary, murdered last year in the north. For months after, nobody even hinted a suspicion that the unfortunate man was killed by other than robbers. At length, however, there appears a letter in the current tone, throwing suspicion first upon the Mandarin of the district,—the poor official's very promptitude in appearing on the scene being turned against him. Why was he afoot and ready dressed long after midnight? &c. The fact likely being that he was smoking opium, as usual, into the small hours. Then why should a missionary be murdered for the sake of a small booty in money, when merchants had for years conveyed safely large sums? &c. &c. The obvious answer being, that while both merchant and missionary may "trust in God," the former is more careful to "keep his powder dry," and the Chinese plotters know that.

In the early years of Shanghai I acted as honorary interpreter for my friend the late Mr. Wolcott, the American Consul, in any matters of importance, and we had an almost similar case to deal with. An American missionary passenger in a junk, crossing the bay of Hangchow, was cast into the sea and drowned by pirates. We wrote very strongly, and sent special messengers to the governor of the province

at Hangchow. He replied promptly enough—expressed his horror at the murder — his very hair stood on end at the thought of it, and he had ordered every means to be used to discover the pirates. But in fact, although sooner or later such villains do come to punishment, yet their immediate arrest is most difficult, just as it is sometimes nearer home in cases of murder. We never could learn that they had been found. The Chinese passengers said the poor missionary had irritated the pirates by reproaching them for their villanous way of life. On one occasion the Chinese authorities having received a report from a small official, in a district where no foreigners had ever been seen before, sent an official inquiry to the consulates in the usual way, and I had the pleasure of replying that "this department" possessed no official intelligence on the subject, the fact being that I was the leader of the party in question, and had just returned home.*

The *Shanghai rebels* were such ragamuffins that even the missionaries soon gave them up; they were not the genuine article,† which was only found at Nanking. Yet more atrocious cut-throats than these Nanking rebels never scourged the earth. The most diabolical of them all, perhaps, was Yang-sew-tsing, who named himself the Holy Ghost. The villains at Shanghai were bad enough, however; and I learned more of their doings on my return in 1855 than would be pleasant now to relate. It is enough merely to hint at what I knew was done—how they extorted money from such rich men as remained in their power, by threatening to apply red-hot wires to the breasts of their wives and concubines. The Chinaman, usually so mild and placid, when he becomes an outlaw is a very fiend. Many Shanghai people had died during that troubled period, my old teacher among the number. Fright, fever, and worry make speedy havoc of life in a climate so hot in summer.

One cannot but marvel at the infatuation which prevailed here touching the "Christianity" of the rebels, and at so many intelligent men deluding themselves, as may be seen

* We might revolve as we pleased within a thirty-mile radius—no legal right beyond that.

† Chinese rebel Christian.

on reference to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' ed. 1854. I never found a respectable Chinaman, whether landowner, literateur, or merchant, who had a good word to say for them. Hence I held a very decided opinion from the first, and in 1855 the 'Times' did me the honour to publish some letters on the subject. Shortly before there had appeared an able article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' written by the late Rev. W. Milne, formerly of the London Missionary Society, and who, I regret to add, died at Peking some years ago, after being taken into Her Majesty's Service as Chinese Assistant-Secretary. Mr. Milne, with great courage, regardless of the risk, denounced the rebels as merciless marauders and pretenders, having no more but less of Christianity about them than the early followers of Mahomet; and while Anglo-Chinamen are to be found who can admire the independent and fearless expression of the truth, let his name be remembered with honour.

As for the *Tartar Dynasty* oppressing China, it would be as senseless to talk of the *Hanover Dynasty* oppressing us. The real rulers of China are the Magistrates of Districts, about 1350 in number, of whom, in my time, over 1300 were pure Chinese.

Mr. Burlingame's Chinese Letter of Credentials has been subjected to some criticism, and the term *yew pang*, to denote friendly nations, has been objected to, but without good cause. The word pang will be found in the sense used in the 'Shoo-King, or Ancient Classic,' Section 3—"The Song of the Five Youths"—and also in some of the following sections.

The Chinese Mandarins are not to be considered gentlemen, we were told by Mr. Horatio Nelson Lay, C.B., in a pamphlet published by that ill-used man in 1854,* at the very moment he was spitefully publishing Sir F. Bruce's private letters to him, to "choke off the Railway Man;" and relating his "confabs" with the American Minister, and the "after-dinner gup." But Mr. Lay omitted to state that the ungentlemanly Chinese had paid him in salary

* Hardwicke, Piccadilly, 1854.

and gift on dismissal some £40,000 for seven years' service. It is worse, however, when so estimable a writer as Mr. J. B. Robertson quietly denies the Chinaman's claim to be considered *patriotic*. Certainly, if love of one's country constitutes patriotism, the Chinese have some claim to it. He never leaves home but with the wish to return to it. He is happy in the thought that if he dies abroad, his very bones will return to his native village. And he does make sacrifices for his country; they are always getting up subscriptions for Government purposes, to which all the rich people contribute. He considers no country under the sun can possibly be compared with his own. I remember looking on one day at a play, when a respectable Chinaman, enjoying it with much gusto, asked me very civilly, "Have you such performances in your honoured country?". but with an air that implied the utter improbability of the supposition being correct. And those who for many years like me perused the 'Peking Gazettes,' can tell how many a Chinese officer has died for his country fighting the rebels—even slow and lax as they too often are—expressing in his last moments, when wounded or dying of sickness, the *dulce et decorum* feeling, *pro patria mori*. I could note the old Admiral *Kwan*, who died bravely defending the Bogue Forts against us in 1841, besides many others.

Of course, like the England of Cowper's time, they have plenty of

> "Patriots who love good places at their hearts,"

besides

> "Generals extolled for standing still,
> And doing nothing with a deal of skill."

As I have commented with severity upon Sir Harry Parkes' political career in China, it is but just to him and to myself to say here how well I know that otherwise he is one of the most honorable and estimable of men.

In 1853, being a few days at Canton, I twice visited the neigbourhood of *Hwangchukee,* and attempted repeatedly, in conversing with various sorts of people, to draw them into the subject of the massacre, but unsuccessfully. They all evidently had settled that it was an affair only to be alluded to under breath, among themselves—in fact, their consciences condemned them. My object was to ascertain whether the men executed for the crime were at all concerned in it, or merely ordinary criminals.

My *Examiners in Chinese* were the late Mr. Robert Thom, Consul at Ningpo, who died there in 1846, and the late Mr. Gutzlaff, who died at Hongkong about 1850. The former had been in mercantile business before entering H.M.'s service; and besides being a fine scholar, was an excellent warm-hearted man. Mr. Gutzlaff had been a missionary.* I knew him first at Chusan, where I lived for six months in 1843-4. He was then Civil Magistrate at Tinghai. One of the treats of the place was to see him starting, on horseback, on a tour of inspection to the villages. The broad burgomaster, squat figure; the clothes that for shape might have been cut in a village in his native Pomerania ages ago; the broad-brimmed straw hat—the great face beneath it; with that sinister eye, at once cunning and mean; a faithful interpreter, doubtless, he was, but an unreliable adviser. How different from my countryman Thom! simple-minded, but true as steel. Mr. Gutzlaff proved that "they didn't know everything down in Judee," for he served two masters—the British Government, who paid him well—on week days, and the Missionary cause—for nothing on Sundays; and he died leaving ever so many thousand pounds.

The *Foreign Inspectorship of Customs* in China has been claimed, I understand, for the credit of Sir R. Alcock or Sir J. Bowring; but I was the first to broach the idea, which I did in the China papers.

I also suggested the idea of *embargoing the Government Grain Fleet* in 1848, until the Government gave such satis-

* Mr. Gutzlaff made a voyage in a Chinese junk from Siam to Tientsin in 1831, his account of which brought him into notice, and into the well-paid service of the British Government.

faction for the Hwangchukee murders; never supposing it could have been so unwarrantably resorted to for a mere case of assault, not political.

One of Mr. *Alcock's failures* was the Riding Course affair in 1852. He issued a Chinese notification for the owners of the ground required to repair to the consulate to receive each his quota. I knew this would fail. The owners didn't see why a strip of ground, about the size of Rotten Row, should be cut through their fields, and they refused. Two of my friends went to mark off the ground; agitation followed; they were driven off; scheme abandoned. Three months after a small landowner (rather "oily and greasy," as Capt. Osborne would say, by smoking opium so much) called on me, said the Shanghai owners of the ground required were all, as we knew, good-natured and well disposed; thought they would sell, only the Fokien Guild would be obstinate, perhaps troublesome; more time necessary to manage them; must first conciliate them; he knew their secretary, &c. I saw directly my friend would do. Spoke to the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Cunningham, an American; new committee quietly organized, my name on it, carte blanche to manage, and secresy, because the consular fellows having failed would, perhaps, put a spoke in my wheel. We got up a meeting at the Guild House; one young Chinese merchant declaimed—set speech—on his legs; against yielding to us. He had been to Singapore. Junk beat gong on arrival; police stopped them; right to obey the regulations of the place. Why couldn't we foreigners carry on our business quietly like them, and not gallop about on horses; scampering with a *bala bala* noise through the hamlets and villages, enraging the dogs, and scaring the women and children, &c. &c.? My friend whispered to me that this was a fiery young constitutionalist, and to be very smooth in my reply. My answer was that the proposed course being close to our settlement would just obviate for the future the *desagrems* he had spoken of,—that we couldn't keep our health if we had no horse-exercise in that climate, &c. &c.; and it was effective. They agreed to withdraw all opposition. A present of about £5 to their secretary, in foreign crystal ware from the nearest

store, ratified the agreement; he besides was pleased to be visited by my friend Shan, a gentleman—with brothers "in the Civil Service" (Mandarins); and in a couple of months we had settled for nearly the whole (about a mile and a half long) paying fifty drs. a mow*—six mow to the acre; the land being worth about twenty drs. before our arrival. Before leaving in 1853, I walked one morning into the Consulate; saw *ce chere* H— seated in his vice-consular chair; threw down a great packet of about twenty Chinese deeds:—"On service: title-deeds of the Ma-loo (horse road); to be registered, if you please, 'my venerable youth.'" On which, the "venerable youth" in question turned up his eyes, contorted his face, brought his forefinger to his nose, and uttered certain sounds in excellent mimicry of a Mandarin we knew: "*leao pŭh teh*—incredible! how—what—where are we now?" About ten years afterwards, when the settlement had much expanded in size, that ground was sold for about twenty or thirty times what it cost, by the municipality, such was the demand for building purposes during the rebellion.

The *silk district of China*, about 100 miles inland from Shanghai, is one of the most beautiful countries in the world. The lower part of that quarter in which lies Shanghai is flat, alluvial soil, but pleasing, being dotted with groves of firs, bamboos, &c. The finest, the most complete view, I think, I have ever seen, was that from the north high peak, "*peh kao foong*," near Hangchow, the city of Marco Polo. The great city below us, with the lovely little See-hoo or west lake washing the walls on the west side, the Temple of the Thundering winds to the right, the troubled waters of the gulph beyond to the east, for the tides rush with fearful rapidity; to the north and north-east a country matchless in fertility, stretching to Soochow and Shanghai. Far to the left can be seen the waters of the great lake, tai-hoo, and its romantic islands. I visited Hangchow several times, and it is dreadful to think that even now the country for many miles from the

* Of course my friend Shan would get a commission from the owners of the ground.

city is an uncultivated jungle, not yet recovered from the desolation of the rebellion, although it was suppressed in 1863.

"Shang yew Tien-tang; hia yew Soo-hang." (Above are the halls of Heaven, below are Soo-chow and Hangchow). A saying which shows the proverbial reputation of those cities.

The name for the *United States in China* adopted by Mr. Caleb Cushing, in 1844, in his treaty with Keying, was hōh chung kwōh, a union of many independent kingdoms or countries, and looks as if State independence was the paramount idea at that date.

There was a story about *Sir J. Bowring* current. He had acted as Consul at Canton for some years, and was, I am sorry to say it of such a philosopher, sometimes in hot water. When made minister in 1855, he had to deal with Yeh, the terrible Chinese rebel queller; and the *on dit* was, that Sir John in announcing his appointment officially, added a private message that as the Celestials respected literature so highly, he would visit the Governor—Yeh of Canton in his Oxford gown! But Yeh replied that he didn't wish to see him or his gown either! very brutal on the part of Yeh, and quite contrary to Chinese politeness, and from which very serious consequences ensued. Sir John possesses no knowledge of the Chinese language. The *word Chow* which occurs so often in Chinese names of places, means a well-watered district, something equivalent to the Teuton fords, Oxford, &c.

The *Chinese personal servants at Canton* were of better origin and education than ordinary menials; they were called szetsai or assistants in business, and looked to become brokers or merchants, after becoming qualified in Canton-English.

A temporary *difficulty* with China is expected to operate like a galvanic shock on Mincing Lane, and send up the price of tea; on the other hand, the settlement of the difficulty gives an impulse to our export trade—of course, rather dull in the mean time—so that there is a double benefit to the concerned, if the public could only see it. In 1842, when peace was concluded at Nanking, opium in the south of China

was worth $400 a chest. Within a month it rose to $750 to $800 per chest, although it had not been legalised.

In my first considerable trip—of a fortnight's duration—into the interior, I had for guide a Roman Christian Chinese named Lew, a native of Kiang-see, educated at Manilla. Lew had been introduced to me by a Roman bishop, and I procured a situation for him at Shanghai with a friend who could converse with him in Latin. Lew's acquirements also included Spanish. He felt "no call for the ministry," as intended for him, and honestly avowed it to the priests, but he was a better Christian than many of us. We had, of course, much discussion, and Lew plumed himself on having, he said, once checkmated Dr. M. of the London Mission by inquiring where the doctor's Protestant religion was before Martin Luther's time. His caution, I thought, approached pusillanimity. I was very well disguised—hair shaved off a good inch all round, wig with fine flowing queue, winter hood over head partly covering the face—yet he would not admit a single foreign article, not even a knife, or fork, or spoon, or book; so I had to eat with chop-sticks, which is soon learned. We were to pass the dreaded Custom House at Soochow, where, if I was discovered, he was liable to be seized. He had undergone much greater risk once before in conveying two French priests into the interior, who knew but little of the language. We had no trouble of any kind. We entered the city of Soochow by canal on a New Year's eve, and I went, attended by Lew, on a stroll through the streets—looking at the shops and temples, &c. No one ever suspected me, I was so well disguised; but oh, my poor toes! after walking more than an hour in fur-lined thick satin boots, clothed in a grand silk gown lined with wolf skin, both excellent on board the boat, the weather being freezingly cold; the heat of my boots turned up in front became unsupportable, and I was truly glad to get back to my comfortable house-cabin. A traveller in China not an epicure will generally fare well enough. We had rice, eggs, cakes, fish, goat mutton, vegetables, pork for those liking it, ducks, fowls, &c., &c. I saw pheasants for sale at Soochow, not

much eaten by the Chinese. The way I saw the city on the following days was this: We engaged Sedan chairs and went to call upon imaginary people living in imaginary streets. Of course there was thus no limit to our peregrinations—giving out to our bearers that we were strangers, and those coolies remained ignorant, I believe, of my foreign character, as they did not raise their charge, and were as indifferent to our stopping as a London cabman. Lew, before we left, called upon the one or two Roman Christian Chinese "families of position" in the city, but I kept away, not to compromise them.

What a scene of bustling prosperity Soochow was then! yet, in less than fifteen years after, that city of a million of people was reduced by the rebels almost to a heap of ruins! and at this moment is only a fourth part reoccupied.

One gross case of missionary misrepresentation recurs to my memory. In 1856 a statement appeared in the 'North China Herald' that the Mandarins had just beheaded "a respectable banker" in the city. Knowing well that "respectable bankers" don't have their heads chopped off in China, I made inquiry, and ascertained that the man executed was one of the leading rebels who escaped to his native place in the south on the city being recovered in 1855. And so far from being a respectable person at all he had kept an opium den, dubbing it as usual a *tsien chwang* or money changer's, and was one of the original conspirators. He had the hardihood to return—the rebels were then at Nanking—was denounced, arrested and executed next morning. I exposed the falseness of the story, which came from the London Mission; the excuse was that they published such accounts as they received them from their Chinese teachers, &c., those poor men having to furnish "graphic accounts" of Mandarin cruelties. So much annoyed was the head of the mission that he plainly intimated to the late Mr. Shearman that he must choose between them and me if he admitted such contributions of mine in future; but poor S. managed to mollify him. And thinking of this now, I ask myself is it not an insult to an educated intelligent Chinaman to send

him missionaries who have no supreme law of truth ruling in their own minds? Is missionary enterprise in Britain after all what my former acquaintance the Abbé Huc, the celebrated traveller, so amusingly called it—a system of joint-stock companies, with promoters and agents abroad bound to furnish "graphic accounts" as returns for the money invested?

When *interpreting for the Americans* I, on one occasion, accompanied the late Commodore Biddle when calling with the Consul upon the authorities. Happening to notice a scar on his cheek, the Taontai's curiosity was excited, and he inquired about it. "Tell the Taontai," said the little old Commodore, throwing his nose proudly in the air, "that I received that wound when we captured the British frigate *Java;*"* which, being disagreeable to my British blood, I rendered thus—"the Commodore received that wound when fighting an enemy's ship in his youth." "Ah, brave Commodore! how brave! how brave!" warmly observed the Taontai. Commodore Biddle went on to Japan, where he received very scurvy treatment, and it must, in truth, be allowed that great credit is due to the Americans for their forbearance towards the Japanese, by whom their shipwrecked whalers were sometimes inhospitably treated.

The *acquisition of the Chinese language*, or a moderately good knowledge of it—for a mastery of it is out of the question—is not of such supreme difficulty as is supposed. I studied first at Maeao—two hours in the morning, and two in the evening; business from ten till four. In less than six months I could rattle away in the *patois* of the province, and sought every opportunity of practice in the bazaars and villages around. I could in nine months know pretty correctly the meaning of any public Proclamation or Edict. The Chinese, excepting the linguists of course, speaking broken English,

* The *Java*, on the way to India, was taken by the *Constitution*, a ship much larger in size, of heavier armament, and more numerous crew. This wonderful exploit threw "our American cousins into a "delirium of delight." They were not long after restored to reason by Captain Broke and the men of the *Shannon*. This was in the war of 1812—not the war of the *Twopenny Tea Duty* called the War of Independence.

were always delighted to hear their language spoken; would pat you on the back—"A-koon-tsai shap fun tsung ming," very clever young gentleman. The same afterwards on the coast of Fokien and in Chusan, and in Shanghai and Ningpo. Visiting once a celebrated pagoda near Hoochow, in the silk district, I wrote in Chinese on the inner wall the Confucian saying, "all men within the four seas are brothers,"—sze hai che nai keai hiung tee yea. Revisiting the place nine years afterwards I found my writing was preserved, although the place had in the interim been invaded and defiled by Brown, Jones, and Robinson's scrawls, *which had all been washed out.*

The first *Foreign Inspector* of Chinese customs was Mr. Wade, who did a very foolish thing in seizing the ship "*Wynaud*" for loading a cargo of rice outside the port of Shanghai. An old Chinese law existed, long become obsolete, against the export of rice, originally meant to prevent pirates being supplied; hence the authorities forbade its export from Shanghai to Ningpo, although that neighbouring province was suffering from famine. But like sensible men they took no cognizance of its being loaded outside in the smaller ports, and thirty or forty Chinese boats or junks were daily leaving the Yangtsz for Ningpo. Mr. Wade was so disgusted with himself on reflection, that he withdrew from the Chinese Service, back to his old Secretaryship, and Mr. Horatio Nelson Lay, then acting Vice-Consul at Shanghai, was put in his place. He was ill qualified for this most responsible position. His want of tact amounted to insolence towards his own countrymen. His laxness of supervision over his Chinese subordinates was disgraceful. One of them actually turned the Custom-house into a Ship Broker's office. I laid the proof before Mr. Lay, in the shape of a public advertisement of this man's, in Chinese, (which looked as if he counted upon Mr. Lay's protection,) taken down from my own gate. I reported the case to Sir John Bowring, who of course was sorry to hear it. Had Lord Elgin in 1858 been cognizant of that affair, it is highly probable the honorable Order of the Bath would never have been dig-

nified with the name of Horatio Nelson Lay, nor would Mr. Lay have ever been appointed to the lucrative post of Inspector-General, with a pay of £6,000 per annum. He showed his gratitude by publishing a tirade against Sir Frederick Bruce, Lord Elgin's brother. His family owed everything to the Foreign Office; the father had died in the Consular service; the youthful Horatio and his two brothers had all been provided for by it, yet instead of having learned to "rest and be thankful," the appointment of Mr. Burlingame would seem to have excited his most frenzied, envious, impotent rage: he appeared in a series of letters in the Morning Post,* as if dead to all sense of shame and gratitude, inveighing bitterly against the Foreign Office in general, and the Right Honorable Mr. Hammond, its permanent chief, in particular. Certainly, as regards the China Consular Service, I cannot but think Mr. Hammond has had a "fractious family" to manage these past twenty-five years, and it is time they should be put under a sterner discipline. It is somewhat odd that a person bearing the name of Horatio Nelson should have been stranded, so to speak, on a Naval affair. It is indeed amusing to think of such a person constituting himself the Lord High Admiral of China, with Captain Osborne as his Admiral of the Fleet—their agreement came to that—no orders to pass to the fleet except through Lay, and Naval Centralization, where the idea was unknown, and must be for a time impracticable.

Everybody has heard of the Russian Bogie, so dear to the warm imagination of the Anglo-Indian. We Anglo-Chinamen have also got our Russian Bogie, who promises to be useful to printers and publishers. His gambols are among the mountains of the Moon in Tartary, and he disports himself in the River of the Black Dragon (Amoor) where he hums his plaintive Scythian songs; and this is the burden of his refrain:

Faa- fee- fo- fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

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* February, 1868.

The FOREIGN TRADE OF CHINA was, in 1868, value	£46,000,000
Of which over seven eighths was with Great Britain and her Dependencies, Shanghai being the principal port.	
The *Custom-house Duties* collected by European inspectors for the Chinese Government amounted, in 1868, to . .	£3,100,000

The Export of Tea from China to Great Britain, which was in 1834, when the East India Company's monopoly was abolished . . .	32,000,000 lbs.
And in the year ending 30th May, 1868, about . . .	140,000,000 lbs.
Of which about . . . were re-exported to the Continent and North America.	30,000,000 lbs.

The Export of Indian Tea to Great Britain, in 1865–6, was . .	4,600,000 lbs.
„ „ „ 1868–9 .	11,200,000 lbs.
Estimate for 1869–70 . .	15,000,000 lbs.
China sent to Australia, 1868–69 .	17,000,000 lbs.
China sent to United States, 1868–69 .	33,000,000 lbs.
United States also received from Japan	9,000,000 lbs.
China sent to Continental Europe, 1868–69 . . .	4,000,000 lbs.

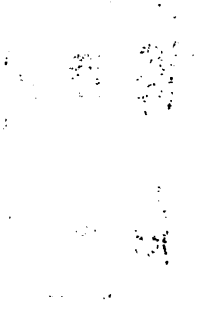
Besides the above 140,000,000, Great Britain received from Japan 5,000,000 lbs. of Tea.

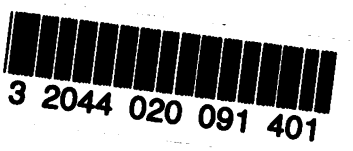
The *value* of British Home Productions imported into China in 1868 was about .	£6,000,000
The *value* of China Produce imported into Great Britain was, in 1868 . .	£11,000,000

Since the preceding pages went to the press, intelligence has arrived of the decease of Mr. BURLINGAME, at St. Petersburg—suddenly cut off in his prime—and I may be permitted to add my tribute of regret at the sad event. Of pleasing manner and conversation, his sanguine disposition had allowed him to accept a false position, perhaps, yet the premature death of an essentially good and well-meaning man must ever evoke a feeling of regret.

Jin chay hew pa,—lee ming tchien,
Foo kwei yung hwa,—tsung she Tien.

Oh men! then cease to strive,
Ambitiously for gain or fame;
Honour and glory you derive
From God, who gives or takes the same.





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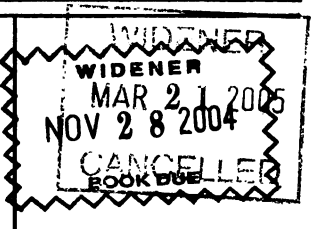

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